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No. I.

ART. I.—*Tracts on Mathematical and Philosophical Subjects; comprising, among numerous important Articles, the Theory of Bridges, with several Plans of recent Improvements; also the Results of numerous Experiments on the Force of Gunpowder, with Applications to the Modern Practice of Artillery. By Charles Hutton, L. L. D. and F. R. S. &c. late Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 3 Vols. 8vo. p. 485, 384, and 383, with many Plates, Price £2. 8s. bds. Rivington, Wilkie, and Robinson, &c. &c. 1812.*

WE received these volumes with very considerable pleasure, not unmingled, however, with feelings of another kind. We will explain ourselves, lest this declaration, *in limine*, should lead to conclusions which we wish not to be drawn from it. Such a valuable collection of Tracts as the present, from so distinguished a veteran in the cause of science, could not be announced without exciting the highest expectation. During more than half a century, both as a tutor and an author, he has been successfully labouring for the improvement and extension of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences; and, if any one has, he has deserved well of his country. Smitten with the love of *Mathesis* in early youth, he remained faithful to his passion even beyond the usual term of human life; and throughout that period has not once forgotten his favorite

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pursuit, nor suffered any other object to divert him from it; beginning his course with that ardour, and continuing it with that steadiness of purpose and perseverance, which constitute the essential and most certain means of success in all undertakings. The expectations with which, under such circumstances, we opened these volumes have not been disappointed in our perusal of them. Why is it, then, that we allude to a mixture of other feelings on this occasion? Simply, for the reason we are going to assign. Contemplating, as we do, the successful career of our author, and recollecting the advantage that science has received from his researches, we cannot but feel admiration for his talents, and gratitude for his labours; but when we are told, as we are in the conclusion of his preface, and as we were given to understand before these volumes reached us, that this would be, in all probability, the last original work he might ever be able to offer to the notice of the public; a pensive and somewhat desponding feeling rises up by the side of the grateful one; and we are placed in that state of mind which Dr. Johnson so pathetically describes as resulting from the contemplation of '*the last*.'* We are willing, however, to take refuge in the hope, that the forebodings of Dr. H. will not, *in this instance* at least, be realised.

Of the tracts which compose these volumes, some have been printed before, either in the Philosophical Transactions, or separately; but most of those which are here reprinted have been so much altered, enlarged, or improved, as fully to justify their insertion in the present edition. We proceed to give some account of these valuable tracts, in the order in which they are here presented to us.

1.—*The Principles of Bridges: containing the Mathematical Demonstration of the Properties of the Arches, the Thickness of the Piers, the Force of the Water against them, &c. with Practical Observations and Directions drawn from the whole.*

This is an enlarged and very-much improved edition of a Treatise bearing the same title, and first published by our author at Newcastle in 1772. It was hastily reprinted in 1801, on occasion of the proposals then in agitation, for throwing a new bridge across the Thames at London; the author 'reserving the long-intended edition, on a larger and more improved plan, till a more

* See the concluding paper of the Idler.

convenient opportunity.' As the original work is well known to our mathematical readers, we shall only so far notice it now as to point out the superiority of the present edition. Like the former, it is divided into five sections, of which the first, on the project, design, and estimate, is not materially altered: it is in the three following sections that the principal additions are to be found. The second section 'of the arches,' which in the former editions consisted of *five* propositions, is extended in this to *thirteen*, including two on Domes. In these eight additional propositions, we find not only much ingenious and accurate investigation, but also a large and valuable portion of practical remarks. In the *fifth* proposition, which teaches us to form mechanically a balanced festoon arch, on principles which the author had previously established, we are presented with the well-known ingenious and simple method of professor Robison, which by easily determining the nature of the curve of an arch of perfect equilibration, will, by only inverting the figure thus determined, enable the practical architect in most cases to adjust his arch to the purposes he may have in view. As the method itself is to be found in most books on the subject, we shall not describe it here, but only copy the Scholium added by Dr. Hutton.

"*Scholium.* Thus then, as explained by Professor Robison, we have an easy and practical way by which any commonly intelligent workman may readily construct for himself the form of a truly-balanced arch, to any proposed design, for a bridge. In this method, the thinner and lighter the festoon line is, so as to bear but a small proportion (ratio) to the weight of the appended pieces of chain, so much the more exact will the conclusion be obtained, when the superincumbent wall is of uniform weight of masonry. But, as the festoon line represents the line of *voussoirs* or arch-stones, in the constructed arch, if these only are solid, and the rest of the wall above them be looser and lighter, then there ought to be an equality of proportion between the weights of the festoon chain and the string or rib of arch-stones, and between the superior wall and the appended pieces of chain; a circumstance of equality to be obtained by mutual accommodations and calculations adapted to the real circumstances of the case. The chief objection to a curve found in this way is a want of elegance, and perhaps too of convenience and economy; because it does not spring nor rise at right-angles to the horizontal line, but at a much smaller angle, which indeed is the case with all curves of equilibration.

'However, this is a circumstance which can be very safely and profitably remedied; for in the part of the flanks near the

pier, it may be cut away to hollow the arch out to any form we please, so as, for instance, to resemble the elliptical arch, which is one of the most graceful of all; because the Masonry is so solid and strong in that part. And this will not only be more agreeable to the eye, but will also leave (what is called, technically speaking, mere *free water way*.) room for water and boats to pass, and will be a saving in the expence of Masonry. To accomplish this end with more regularity and method, instead of dividing the horizontal line into equal parts at the points 1, 2, 3, &c. if the festoon chain itself be so divided, viz. into equal parts; and the pieces of chain be appended at these in the manner before mentioned, then the greater number of these pieces being thus nearer the extremities, they will draw the arch more down in that part, and thus hollow it out in a more regular and uniform manner, making the shape at once more pleasing and the arch more commodious, and yet leaving it sufficiently near a true balance.—Vol. 1, p. 22, 23.

In the next following proposition, our author gives the method of determining the figure of a balanced arch on what is called the *wedge* theory, founded on the supposition that the *voussoirs* are at liberty to slide upon each other, 'a principle, indeed, having,' as our author observes, 'no real foundation in fact, though it has been much insisted on by some persons.' This theory, adopted by *De la Hire*, *Parent*, *Belidor*, and other foreign writers, in their investigations of the subject of Arches, and more recently in our own country by *Mr. Atwood*, in his Dissertation on the Construction and Properties of Arches, is therefore discarded by Mr. Hutton as of no use in practical enquiries. The Scholium which follows is full of valuable instructions, both scientific and practical, relating to the Weights and Pressures in every part of the Arch. We should have been happy to have quoted largely upon this part of the work; but we are admonished by the quantity of matter which yet lies before us, not to indulge ourselves in making extracts so freely as we could wish. We are the more strongly tempted to gratify this desire with respect to the tract we are now reviewing, because we are acquainted with no scientific writer on Bridge-Building who has given such a practical direction to his mathematical deductions, who is so cautious of trusting to theory alone, when experiment and observation are necessary to correct or confirm it, and who is, therefore, so worthy to be consulted by all classes of persons concerned in the art, and so likely to repay that consultation with advantage. We trust, indeed, that such persons, by a perusal of the treatise it-

self, will obviate the necessity on our part of making long extracts. On this account we shall be brief in our analysis of the remainder of this excellent tract.

The three propositions which succeed, viz. VII. VIII. and IX. are also new in this edition; but we shall simply enunciate them generally. Prop. VII. teaches, in an arch supporting a wall, formed of *voussoirs*, or arch stones lying aslope on smooth surfaces, and having the joints every where perpendicular to the curve of the arch, to find the lengths of these arch stones, so that the whole fabric may be balanced, or kept in equilibrio. Prop. VIII. shews, that when a curve is kept in equilibrio, in a vertical position, by loads or weights bearing on every point of it; then the load or vertical pressure on every point is directly proportional to the product of the curvature at that point, and the square of the secant of the elevation above the horizon of the tangent to the curve at the same point, the radius being 1; that is, the load or vertical pressure on any point C is directly as the curvature at C, and as the square of the secant of the angle δCH , made by the tangent δC , and the horizontal line CH.—(The figure may easily be conceived.)—In Prop. IX. it is demonstrated, that ‘when an upright wall, bounded by a curve beneath, is kept in equilibrio by the mutual weight and pressure of its parts and materials; then the height of the wall above every point of the curve is directly proportional to the cube of the secant of elevation of the tangent to the curve there, and also directly proportional to the curvature of the same point, or else, which is the same thing, inversely proportional to the radius of curvature there.’ The tenth proposition, by which we are taught to find the *Extrados* of a Balanced Arch when the *Intrados* is given, is similar in its objects, both as to the general problem and the particular examples of different curves, to the fourth proposition of the original work, but is here much improved in the investigation and solutions. To the eleventh proposition, which is the reverse of this, and treats of the methods of finding the *Intrados* when the *Extrados* is given, corresponding in like manner to the fifth of the former editions, the same observations will apply. Prop. XII. and XIII. which terminate this section, are also new. They treat of the application of the Theory to the arches of Domes of Cupolas. By the first of these propositions we are instructed, that, ‘when a regular concavely surfaced dome, or vault, formed by the rotation of a curve turned about its

axis, is kept in equilibrio by the weight of a solid wall built on every part of it; then the height of the wall over any part is directly proportional to the cube of the secant of elevation there, and inversely proportional to the radius of curvature, and to the diameter or width of the dome at the same part.' From the demonstration of this, various corollaries and observations may be deduced of a similar nature to those of the 3d and the 9th propositions on plain arches. The remaining proposition involves principles exactly similar to those of the *tenth*, and teaches how, when the form of the inner surface of a balanced shell or dome is given, to determine that of the exterior or outer surface, or, in other words, the external figure of the superincumbent wall, by the pressure of which the shell or dome is kept in equilibrio. At the end of his demonstration, Dr. Hutton observes:

'The foregoing principle for balancing dome vaults, it must be understood, is quite independent of the aid it receives from the circular, or other form of its *contour*, in which indeed consists its great strength and stability. For, from this shape, it happens, that the inside, or outer one in the vertical section, may take any form whatever, either convex, outwards as is usual in rotund domes, or a straight side, as in the cone of tile kilns, or the pyramidal spire, or even concave outwards and convex inwards. For, by making all the coursing joints of Masonry quite around, not flat or horizontal, but every where perpendicular to the face, and all the vertical joints tending or pointing to the axis, all the stones or bricks, &c. will act as wedges in a round curb, and cannot possibly come down, or fall inwards, unless the component parts should be crushed to powder, or the bottom circular course burst outwards. To prevent this from happening, a strong hoop of iron may be passed round the bottom, and in other parts also, in works of consequence, which effectually secures the fabric from bursting open or flying outwards, while the outer form, like a curb, as securely prevents it from falling inwards; thence, too, it happens, that considerable openings may be cut in the sides, or it may be left open, as if incomplete at top, and over the opening may be erected any other figure, whether lantern or spire, &c. either for use or ornament.'—P. 66.

The 'general Scholium' of this section contains a very clear and judicious comparison of the different assumptions which have been made as the foundation of the Theory of Arches. These are *three* in number: the first is derived from the consideration of the equilibrium produced by the mutual thrusts, weights, and pressures, of the arch stones, supposing them to be prevented from

sliding on each other at the oblique joints, either by their roughness and friction, or by the cement and stone locks, or iron bars let into them. The second supposes that the arch stones have their butting sides perfectly smooth, and are at free liberty to slide on each other; on this is founded what is called the wedge theory. The third has for its principle, the catenarian or festoon arch, formed by the suspension of a chain or cord by its two ends, and afterwards inverted. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, that the first method here alluded to is that which is adopted by our author throughout his performance. The last, however, he observes, 'so easy in its practical operation,' 'is easily deduced from the first, by shewing, that the forces produced by the mutual pressure of the parts are exactly equal and opposite to those by which they pull or draw each other in the case of suspension.' We intended to extract the whole of this Scholium, abounding, as it does, in very interesting matter, but are obliged to refrain for the reasons already assigned. We proceed to the *Third* section.

This part of the Treatise, as before, is devoted to the subject of piers; but in this edition it is new modelled, recomposed, and very much improved. Though the number of propositions is reduced from four to one, by the omission of three introductory ones, while the general problem is retained, the whole subject is much more fully, practically, and satisfactorily treated than before. The grand desideratum remains in this form: 'To find the thickness of the Piers of an arch, necessary to keep the arch in equilibrio, or to resist its drift or shoot, independent of any other arches.' To this problem there are given two general solutions, in which the whole force or pressure of the semi-arch upon the pier is supposed to be collected into its centre of gravity. In the first solution, the pier arch is considered as one uniform solid mass, while in the second the arch-stones are supposed to be only so cemented or locked together as to prevent them from easily sliding on one another. The centre of gravity of the half-arch is deduced mathematically from this principle, 'That the content of a solid described by any plane surface, either in moving parallel to itself, or in revolving about a line as an axis, is always equal to the product of the generating plane, and the line described by its centre of gravity.' Lest, however, the general reader should be discouraged by the mathematical form of the process, the author has recourse to a mecha-

nical method of determining the centre of gravity, which, though depending on a well-known property, is ingeniously applied in the present instance.

Let the given figure of the semi-arch be constructed by a scale, very correctly on card-paper or pasteboard, or any other uniformly thin plate, and cut out to its shape very neatly; then lay it so as just to balance itself over the straight edge of a table with one of its sides parallel to the edge and close by the edge of the Table draw a line on the paper; next balance the same figure in like manner by the other straight side parallel to the edge of the table, close by which draw another line crossing the former; the point of intersection will be the centre of gravity of the figure sufficiently near the truth for most practical purposes. It may be observed, that, though the top of the arch, in Dr. Hutton's figures is a straight line and perpendicular to the pier, yet the method may be very well applied to other shapes of the semi-arch. It is very obvious that in practice, the weight of the pier ought a little to preponderate against or exceed in effect, the shoot of the arch, and therefore that the thickness ought to be taken a little more than will result from the rules which the Doctor has given, unless, as he justly observes, 'it be supposed that the pointed projections of the piers against the stream, beyond the common breadth of the bridge, will be a sufficient addition to the pier to give it the necessary preponderancy.'

The general solutions of this interesting problem are followed by two examples in numbers, the results of which agree very nearly with what is allowed in practice by the most skillful architects and engineers.

The importance of the rules contained in this section, and of the investigations by which they are established, will appear the more striking, when it is considered that many uninstructed builders, from their ignorance of principles, determine the relative dimensions of arches and piers merely by guess-work, or by a rude comparison of the parts of edifices already existing; that some make their piers too slender to support the arch without the concurring support of the adjacent arches, and the original abutments, and that others, to avoid this error, fly into the opposite extreme, and make their piers unnecessarily thick and massive, enhancing the expence, excluding beauty from the edifice, and by occupying too much of the breadth of the stream, obstructing the passage of water and the freedom of navigation.

It ought to be observed that the result of Dr. Hutton's first example in numbers, agrees very nearly with the proportion of piers and arches in Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges.

The first two propositions of the *fourth* section on '*The force and fall of the water, &c.*' with the table on page 97, contain the whole of that section as delivered in the former edition. The 17th proposition which is here added, '*To determine the fall of the water in the arches,*' is a very important one.

After some judicious observations of a general kind, tending to illustrate the effect of piers in obstructing and raising the course of the water opposite to them, and consequently producing an increase of velocity in the water that passes between the arches, our author proceeds :

'Now the motion of free running water is the consequence of, and produced by, the force of gravity, as well as that of any other falling body. Hence the height due to the velocity, that is, the height to be freely fallen by any body to acquire the observed velocity of the natural stream, in the river a little above the bridge, becomes known. From the same velocity also will be found that of the increased stream in the narrowed way of the arches, by taking it into the reciprocal proportion of the breadth of the river above the contracted way in the arches; viz. by saying, as the latter is to the former, so is the first velocity or slower motion, to the quicker. Next, from this last velocity, will be found the height due to it as before, that is, the height to be freely fallen through by gravity, to produce it. Then the difference between these two heights, thus freely fallen by gravity, to produce the two velocities, is the required quantity of the water-fall in the arches; allowing, however, in the calculation for the contraction of the stream in the narrowed passage, at the rate as observed by Sir I. Newton. Such then are the elements and principles on which the solution of the problem is to be made out, and which it is now easy for any one to perform.' p. 88, 89.

Next follows from some Manuscripts in Dr. H.'s possession, two other solutions of the same problem, one by W. Jones, Esq. the friend of Sir I. Newton, and Father of the celebrated Sir W. Jones; the other by Mr. John Robertson, formerly Clerk and Librarian to the Royal Society, and Master of the Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital.—(They are incapable of abridgement, and we have not room to copy them.)

The *fifth* and last section, which contains a dictionary of Terms connected with the subject, is nearly the same as in the *first* Edition, being distinguished from it only

by the addition of various methods of describing ovals for the construction of centres, &c.

Such are the contents of this excellent treatise, which is remarkable alike for its precision and its perspicuity, for the execution and the arrangement of its parts; which the Mathematician will read for its science, and the practical Builder for its general information.

TRACT II.—*Queries concerning London Bridge, with the answers, by George Dance, Esq.*

TRACT III.—*Experiments and Observations to be made about London Bridge.*

TRACT IV.—*On the Consequences to the Tides in the River Thames, by erecting a New Bridge at London, by Mr. John Robertson.*

These tracts which are supplementary to the first, are selected from various papers which Dr. Hutton purchased at the sale of Mr. Robertson's books in the year 1776, and contain many interesting enquiries and remarks on the subjects mentioned in their titles.

TRACT V.—*Answers to Questions proposed by the select Committee of Parliament relative to a Proposal for erecting a New Iron Bridge of a single Arch only, over the River Thames, at London, instead of the Old London Bridge.*

It must be in the recollection of most of our readers, that, about the year 1801, among the various plans for improving the port of London, and erecting a new bridge in the place of the present clumsy and inconvenient London Bridge, a proposal was in agitation to throw a cast iron bridge of a single arch across the Thames. The designs were furnished by Messrs. Telford and Douglass; and so much attention was attracted by this project, that a Committee of Parliament, [appointed to consider the state of the port, and promote its improvement, caused these designs to be engraved, and copies to be sent, accompanied with a set of questions, as to the practicability and success of the proposal, to several professional, scientific, and literary men of eminence, requesting their answers to all or any of them within a time limited by the Committee.

Among others, Dr. Hutton was consulted on this important subject; and the tract before us contains the questions that were proposed to him, with his replies to them all.

It was proposed that the new bridge should be erected about 200 yards above the old bridge; and in this situation

it would run nearly in a line with the Royal Exchange, and with the wide parts of the main street of the Borough of Southwark. This is the narrowest part of the river near London, being scarcely more than 900 feet in breadth; and even this distance it was proposed to diminish by strong abutments of masonry, to run 150 feet into the river on each side. These abutments were to sustain the proposed arch of cast iron, which consequently was to be of the astonishing span of 600 feet. The height of the arch at the crown was to be 65 feet above high water, in order that ships of a considerable burden, with their top-masts only struck, might sail uninterruptedly beneath it, up to Blackfriars Bridge. The width of the Bridge in the middle was to be 45 feet, and, widening from thence in a regular curve to the extremities, was to be 90 feet wide.

This magnificent project, although, as far as we have learned, generally deemed practicable and eligible by those gentlemen to whom the consideration of it was referred, was never carried into execution, and appears, at least for the present, to have been entirely abandoned.

The letter from the Speaker of the House of Commons, which accompanied the questions, is dated 23d March, 1801, and the questions themselves embrace every essential topic of enquiry relating to the proposed structure; they also appear to be drawn up in such a manner as most effectually to obtain the necessary information upon every point. To these questions, our author (as was to be expected) replied with great judgement and ability; and his answers are well worth the attentive consideration of every person concerned in such undertakings or enquiries, while the more general reader will find much in them to excite and repay his curiosity.

TRACT VI.—*History of Iron Bridges.*

‘Bridges of cast iron appear to have been the exclusive invention of British Artists.’ The *first* of these, upon a large scale, of which we have any account, and probably the first in reality, was that over the River *Severn*, at Colnbrook Dale, erected in 1779, by Mr. Darby, ironmaster of that place. The *next* was built upon land by the noted Thomas Paine, in 1790: it was set up in a bowling-green at the public-house called the *Yorkshire Stingo*, at Lisson-green. It was intended for exportation to America; but Mr. P. being unable to defray the expence, the arch was taken down by Messrs. Walker of Rotheram, the persons who made it, and some of the

materials, were afterwards employed in the Bridge at *Wearmouth*, in *Sunderland*, which was the *third* erection of this kind. It was begun in the year 1793, and finished in August 1796, at the expence of Rowland Burdon, Esq. M. P. who was assisted in the execution of it by Messrs. Walker the founders, Mr. Wilson, and several other persons. With this beautiful Bridge all our readers are acquainted either by observation or report. The *fourth* Iron Bridge appears to have been that which crosses the River Severn at *Buildwas*, about two miles above Colnbrook Dale. This was begun in 1795, and completed the next year, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Telford. The same year (1795) an Iron Bridge was erected by the Colnbrook Dale Company over the River Parret at Bridgewater. Between this period and the year 1800, it does not appear that any Bridge worthy of notice was erected in any part of England. The Stone Bridge over the Thames at Staines having given way, and the piers having failed, an iron arch was erected on the abutments of the old Bridge, under the direction of Mr. Wilson, agent to Mr. Burdon. The pressure of this arch in a short time pushed one of the abutments out of its place, and the immediate consequence was, that many parts of the iron frames and radii were broken: the receding abutment having been strengthened, the opposite one shortly failed; when the whole was taken down, and a wooden Bridge erected in its stead. Another failure happened about the same time, of a similar Bridge over the River Tees at Yarm. Soon after its completion, instead of gradually yielding, as that at Staines had done, the whole suddenly tumbled into the river at once.

From these failures, and others of less note which took place on various occasions, it will not appear surprising that the reputation of Iron Bridges began to decline, but probably, as our author observes, 'on no just grounds.' Those Bridges which have failed have not done so 'through any intrinsic deficiency in the iron material, but from the injudicious manner in which they have been constructed.' The principal error seems to have been, the opinion that the lateral pressure of Iron Bridges against their abutments is comparatively small to that of stone arches, in consequence of the parts of the former being mutually and strongly bound together; whereas, the fact appears to be, that an iron arch of the same weight as one of stone, requires much stronger abutments to resist its lateral pressure, than the stone arch

does. The circumstance is well stated and accounted for in the tract before us; as are the two principal failures we have alluded to. Dr. Hutton's conclusion on the subject is as follows:

'I am therefore most decidedly of opinion, from what has happened in the Bridges above described, and in several others, that no part of the failure is attributable to the *iron* material, at least respecting its strength. I do not, however, mean to say, that iron is generally to be preferred to stone; on the contrary, I think a Stone Bridge is preferable to an *iron* one, when it can be executed with propriety and conveniency. But there are many cases where stone would not answer the purpose; in which cases therefore iron is most valuable.' The instances here alluded to are when the foundations cannot be made within the width that a stone arch can with convenience be erected; or when the requisite rise would be very inconvenient for a Stone Bridge, or in places where stone cannot easily be procured. The Bridge at Wearmouth is an example of the former, as stone piers would have very much obstructed the navigation of the river; and of the latter, as the arch is a segment of a circle of about 500 feet diameter.

The Bridge at *Boston*, in Lincolnshire, is another example, though of less extent: the banks of the *Witham* are very low, and the houses are built close to the river; the rise of tide is great, and barges navigate under it (the Bridge); therefore to render the access easy over the Bridge, it became necessary to make it flat; and to admit of headroom under the arch, flatness again was necessary. This Bridge was therefore made of cast iron. pp. 152, 3.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—*Description of the Retreat, an Institution near York, for Insane Persons of the Society of Friends; containing an Account of its Origin and Progress, the Modes of Treatment, and a Statement of Cases. By Samuel Tuke, with an Elevation, and Plans of the Building.*—8vo. p. 228, York and London, 1813.

INSANITY has been usually considered a malady upon which physicians might theorize, and madhouse-keepers speculate with impunity.—Hence, from Hippocrates and Aretæus, to the 'reuerent Maister Alexis of Piemont,'

and from him downwards, we teem with inquiries, and treatises, and recipes, and modes of treatment; and hence attendants have capriciously exercised an arbitrary power over the actions and wants of their prisoners, without their conduct or its consequences being subject to investigation. This decided treatment too has been pursued notwithstanding the waywardness of the disease has, up to the present moment, precluded its definition. Haslam indeed, with an ingenuousness evidently arising from a consciousness of the ill-success of contemporary writers, thus concludes forty pages of disquisition upon a definition of madness. 'As the practitioner's own mind must be the criterion by which he infers the insanity of any other person, and when we consider the various and frequently opposite opinions of these intellectual arbiters, the reader will be aware, that I have not abstained from giving a definition of madness without some reason. There is indeed a double difficulty: the definition ought to comprise the aberrations of the lunatic, and fix the standard for the practitioner.'

In a disease admitting of no definition, presenting symptoms and appearances as various almost as its numerous victims, and capable in few instances only, of amelioration by medical treatment, it is not surprising that ignorance should obtrude unasked, that it should play its fantastic tricks under the garb of mystery, or that it should succeed in duping mankind into a belief, that 'chains, darkness, and anodynes,' are efficient instruments of cure. Deplorable is the extent to which the charlatanism of coercion has existed, and no less lamentable is the credulity which thoughtlessly consigns raging mania and moping melancholy to authority, without either controul or responsibility. The cure of the disease generally requires the removal of the patient from home and all its comforts, and seclusion from his dearest connections. Though these are not the only requisites which remedy a 'mind diseased,' yet happy is he who sustains privations alone, compared with the unfortunate in the power of the keeper, who, having no interest in the cure of his patients, desires that every remedy should fail; who makes a show of attempting something towards recovery, by the application of means from which he anticipates no benefit, and affects confidence in frivolous recipes which he knows to be useless. But, alas! woes still more terrible often betide the insane. Hunger and blows aggravate their sufferings and increase the malady.

Patients have been starved into incurability ; and in severe paroxysms, have received punishments which have occasioned death.

Severity of treatment has indeed been so customary, that few hear of insanity without thinking of handcuffs and whipping. The loss of reason can scarcely be contemplated without shuddering ; but we must have nerves of more than mortal mould, if we can anticipate without deepened horror, that, should we be thus bereaved, we are to go we know not where, and suffer we know not what, where our cries of anguish cannot be heard by any human being interested in our welfare. So much ignorance prevails, however, as to the proper mode of treating the insane, that we have heard individuals gravely assert, that nothing can be done with a madman without flogging him ; an assertion that has not astonished us, because it has been grounded on the existence of the practice, and on an assumption that flogging would not be adopted unless it benefited those who were flogged. A hospital of patients too have been drenched all round at stated periods, whilst in periodical succession, without regard to age or sex, they have been as regularly phlebotomized for the benefit of the surgeon, as were the horses in a certain Veterinarian's care, whenever his pigs wanted a dinner. We wish to excite no smile at humanity in ruins, but we mean to say, that interest has stifled feeling—that man has been treated worse than the beasts that perish by his fellow man ; that dark cells, insufficient food, injudicious medical treatment, unjustifiable close confinement, unnecessary personal restraint, *wholly* unnecessary corporal chastisement, and premature death, have been inflicted, without reflection or commiseration upon the afflicted and the helpless.

M. Pinel, professor of the school of medicine at Paris, whose name will be respectfully recollected by the Philanthropist as often as the subject of insanity is discussed, is perhaps the first enlightened writer who has treated the malady as a man of sense and a practical philosopher. We are unwilling to detract from the general motives or conduct of individuals who preceded him, and who seem to have had partial views of the inutility of the system of coercion ; but it must be confessed, that those who had the courage to recommend humane treatment, do not appear to have methodized their conceptions, or by strict comparative examination to have reduced them to principles or rules. We cannot reflect on the labours of Pinel without paying homage to his humanity, his talents, and his perseverance.

‘The Asylum de Bicetre (says he,) which was confided to my care during the second and third years of the republic, widened to a vast extent the field of enquiry into this subject, which I had entered upon at Paris, several years previous to my appointment. The storms of the revolution stirred up corresponding tempests in the passions of men, and overwhelmed not a few in a total ruin of their distinguished birthright as rational beings. The local disadvantages of the hospital, perpetual changes in the administration of public affairs, and the difficulty of obtaining a variety of means that might have conduced to its prosperity, were circumstances that frequently perplexed, but were never allowed to dishearten me.’

What affecting sympathy he evinces when expressing the difficulty of securing the concurrence of all circumstances favourable to cure!

‘We cannot help regretting the lot of the human species, when we consider the frequency and the innumerable causes of insanity, together with the great variety of unfavourable circumstances to which lunatics are exposed, even in the best organized institutions. To attempt the complete seclusion of a maniac at his own house, in the bosom of his family, is not desirable, because, not to mention many other reasons, it is seldom practicable: and, on the other hand, there are objections to the system of public hospitals, arising from the difficulty of commanding the services of able officers and faithful domestics. How many rare qualities, what zeal, what sagacity, the union of how much firmness, with mildness of manners and unaffected goodness of heart, is it not requisite to possess, in order to manage, with complete success, such untractable beings as lunatics generally are,—subject to so many odd fancies, ridiculous whims and transports of blind and ungovernable passions! In order to foresee the approach of their paroxysms, how necessary the united application of vigilance and experience! Constant attention must be paid to the conduct of domestics, in order, frequently, to repress their cruelty and to punish their negligence. Every cause, calculated to irritate the temper, and to exasperate the delirious excitement, must be cautiously removed. The state of debility and atony, which frequently succeeds to paroxysms of active insanity, must be sedulously watched and obviated with judgement and promptitude; and lastly, every favourable opportunity, presented during the intermission, of preventing the accession of new paroxysms,

or of counteracting their violence, must be carefully seized and improved. These are the duties, and highly important they are, which peculiarly belong to the governor.'

The dearth of those facts, too, by which a lover of truth can alone form his opinions, stimulated his inquiries; he pressed forward with the ardour of genius, and hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of improvement.

'The time, perhaps,' he remarks, 'is at length arrived when medicine in France, now liberated from the fetters imposed upon it, by the prejudices of custom, by interested ambition, by its association with religious institutions, and by the discredit in which it has been held in the public estimation, will be able to assume its proper dignity, to establish its theories on facts alone, to generalize those facts, and to maintain its level with the other departments of natural history. The principles of free enquiry, which the revolution has incorporated with our national politics, have opened a wide field to the energies of medical philosophy. But it is chiefly in great hospitals and asylums that those advantages will be immediately felt, from the opportunities which are there afforded of making a great number of observations, experiments, and comparisons. My office is highly responsible and important, and involves in it various branches of knowledge, which are, too generally, neglected in the education of a physician. Among others of this class, the knowledge of the human passions, which are to be studied in the lives of men distinguished for their love of glory, their enthusiasm for letters, for the fine arts, for their monastic austerities, or for any great feature of character that has engaged their own passions or attracted the admiration of mankind, deserves peculiar attention.

'In order to trace the numerous changes and perversions of the human understanding with success, it will, likewise, be found advantageous to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the writings of Locke and Condillac.

'The history of insanity claims alliance with that of all the errors and delusions of ignorant credulity; with those of witchcraft, demoniacal possession, miracles, oracles, and divination. As such, these are subjects by no means unworthy the consideration of a medical philosopher; and, especially of him, whose peculiar office it is, to administer health and consolation to minds distressed and diseased. Information, from whatever source, merits acceptance, but occasionally it must be sought,

where ordinary enquirers are either unable or too indolent to look for it.

His esteem for the Governor was evidently founded upon his capacity for the office.

'The Gentleman,' he says, 'to whom was committed the chief management of the hospital, exercised towards all that were placed under his protection, the vigilance of a kind and affectionate parent. Accustomed to reflect, and possessed of great experience, he was not deficient either in the knowledge or execution of the duties of his office. He never lost sight of the principles of a most genuine philanthropy. He paid great attention to the diet of the house, and left no opportunity for murmur or discontent on the part of the most fastidious. He exercised a strict discipline over the conduct of the domestics, and punished, with severity, every instance of ill treatment, and every act of violence, of which they were guilty towards those whom it was merely their duty to serve. He was both esteemed and feared by every maniac; for he was mild, and, at the same time, inflexibly firm. In a word, he was master of every branch of his art, from its simplest to its most complicated principles. Thus was I introduced to a man, whose friendship was an invaluable acquisition to me. Our acquaintance matured into the closest intimacy. Our duties and inclinations concurred in the same object. Our conversation, which was almost exclusively professional, contributed to our mutual improvement.'

He feelingly details the treatment of many cases, which, with very little aid from medicine, were cured; and the following passages distinguishingly show the value of humane management:

'To apply our principles of moral treatment, with indiscriminating uniformity, to maniacs of every character and condition in society, would be equally ridiculous and unadvisable. A Russian peasant, or a slave of Jamaica, ought evidently to be managed by other maxims than those which would exclusively apply to the case of a well bred irritable Frenchman, unused to coercion and impatient of tyranny. Of the unhappy influence upon the French character of needless and vexatious opposition, my experience has furnished me with too many instances, in the paroxysms of rage and indignation, which have been occasioned at the Asylum de Bicetre, by the thoughtless jests and barbarous provocations of idle and unfeeling visitors. In the lunatic infirmary, which is insulated

from the body of the hospital, and which is not subject to the controul of the governor, it has frequently happened that lunatics, who were perfectly composed and in a fair way of recovery, have, in consequence of the silly railery and rude brutality of their attendants, relapsed into the opposite condition of violent agitation and fury.—Maniacs, on the other hand, who have been transferred from the infirmary to the asylum, and represented upon their arrival as more than commonly furious and dangerous, rendered so, no doubt, by severe treatment, have, upon being received with affability, soothed by consolation and sympathy, and encouraged to expect a happier lot, suddenly subsided into a placid calmness, to which has succeeded a rapid convalescence. To render the effects of fear solid and durable, its influence ought to be associated with that of a profound regard. For that purpose, plots must be either avoided or so well managed as not to be discovered; and coercion must always appear to be the result of necessity, reluctantly resorted to and commensurate with the violence or petulance which it is intended to correct. Those principles are strictly attended to at Bicetre. I can assert, from accurate personal knowledge, that the maxims of enlightened humanity prevail throughout every department of its management; that the domestics and keepers are not allowed, on any pretext whatever, to strike a madman; and that straight waiscoats, superior force, and seclusion for a limited time, are the only punishments inflicted. When kind treatment, or such preparations for punishment as are calculated to impress the imagination, produce not the intended effect, it frequently happens, that a dexterous stratagem promotes a speedy and an unexpected cure.’

Again,

‘In all cases of excessive excitement of the passions, a method of treatment, simple enough in its application, but highly calculated to render the disease incurable, has been adopted from time immemorial: that of abandoning the patient to his melancholy fate, as an untameable being, to be immured in solitary durance, loaded with chains, or otherwise treated with extreme severity, until the natural close of a life so wretched shall rescue him from his misery, and convey him from the cells of the mad-house to the chambers of the grave. But this treatment convenient indeed to a governor, more remarkable for his indolence and ignorance than for his prudence or humanity, deserves, at the present day, to be held up

to public execration, and classed with the other prejudices which have degraded the character and pretensions of the human species. To allow every maniac all the latitude of personal liberty consistent with safety; to proportion the degree of coercion to the demands upon it from his extravagance of behaviour; to use mildness of manners or firmness as occasion may require,—the bland arts of conciliation, or the tone of irresistible authority pronouncing an irreversible mandate, and to proscribe, most absolutely, all violence and ill-treatment on the part of the domestics, are laws of fundamental importance, and essential to the prudent and successful management of all lunatic institutions. But how many great qualities, both of mind and body, it is necessary that the governor should possess, in order to meet the endless difficulties and exigencies of so responsible a situation!

‘During my official attendance at the hospital de Bicetre, I had a favourable opportunity of comparing the respective merits of the mild and severe systems of treating the insane. When the furious and extravagant maniacs were perpetually chained down in their cells, as they were when I entered on the duties of that office, they were incessantly and ravingly agitated; cries, howlings, and tumults echoed, at all hours, throughout the melancholy mansion. But since the strait-waistcoat has been substituted for chains, and limited liberty for absolute confinement, the exhalation of their harmless effervescence during the day, has at night been succeeded by a state of comparative calmness and tranquillity.’

Whilst Pinel, in France, was engaged in establishing a system of moral treatment for the insane, an accident induced the erection of the Retreat at York, of which Mr. Samuel Tuke, the grandson of Mr. William Tuke, ‘the first active promoter of the establishment,’ writes the ‘description’ now before us; and the consideration of which work we have prefaced by the foregoing observations and references to Pinel, in consequence of a remarkable similarity in the modes of treatment.—It is also worthy of observation, that England and France, whilst opposed to each other in unrelenting hostility, should, without concert or mutual design, largely contribute to the general amelioration of man, by the establishment of a system of managing the insane on the same enlightened principles. We are refreshed amid the desolation and carnage of war, by viewing attempts to lessen other misfortunes of humanity; and we involuntarily exult over

the impotence of political exacerbation to obstruct the march of intellect, or the progress of science. The wisdom of cabinets may be confounded, immense armies may be destroyed, national wealth may be exhausted, principalities and powers may be overturned; but, until the art of printing shall utterly cease, or fatuity shall obliterate the powers of association in the human mind, mankind will not retrograde into ignorance, nor will individual improvement be prevented.

Mr. Tuke's book makes its appearance without any flourish of trumpets; it comes unassumingly into the world, scarcely with an announcement of its existence; with no pretensions of title nor airs of greatness, and tells a plain tale of facts which arrest attention by their evident truth and importance. We consider their diffusion as pregnant with the greatest advantages to every one interested in the care or cure of the insane, and shall, therefore, rather freely extract from the work, that the claims which we pronounce it to possess upon public regard, may be properly estimated.

Mr. Tuke, early in his preface, discloses his motive for publishing:—

‘Contemplating the loss of reason as pre-eminent in the catalogue of human afflictions; and believing that the experience of the Retreat throws some light on the means of its mitigation, and also that it has demonstrated, beyond all contradiction, the superior efficacy, both in respect of cure and security, of a mild system of treatment in all cases of mental disorder, an account of that experience has long appeared to me due to the public.’

‘It is much to be regretted, [says he,] that we possess so few accounts of the mode of treatment, and the success of establishments, for the relief of insanity: The want of facts relative to this subject, and our disposition to hasty generalization, have led to many conclusions, equally unfriendly to the progress of knowledge, and the comfort of the patients.—The interests of humanity and science alike call upon us to communicate freely the discoveries we make, or the failures which happen to us, in a pursuit so intimately connected with the happiness of our species. If persons, engaged in the management of the insane, were more generally to publish the result of their observations, we might reasonably hope that the causes of this obscure and affecting disorder would receive some illustration. We might at least confidently expect to ascertain, with greater precision, its general laws; and, from a comparison of the modes and success of various establishments, should be able to infer the most probable means of rescuing, or relieving the unhappy victims of this disease.—It has been re-

marked [by Haslam,] that "Physicians, attending generally to diseases, have not been reserved in imparting to the public the amount of their labours and success; but, with regard to this disorder, those who have devoted their whole attention to its treatment, have either been negligent, or cautious of giving information respecting it." Surely, as the intelligent L'inel observes, after a similar complaint, "He who cultivates the science of medicine, as a branch of natural history, pursues a more frank and open system of conduct, nor seeks to conceal the obstacles which he meets with in his course. What he discovers he feels no reluctance to show; and the difficulties which he cannot master, he leaves, with the impression of his hand upon them, for the benefit of his successors in the same route."

We alluded to the accident which occasioned the establishment; it is thus related:—

'In the year 1791, a female of the Society of Friends was placed at an establishment for insane persons, in the vicinity of the city of York; and her family, residing at a considerable distance, requested some of their acquaintance in the city to visit her. The visits of these friends were refused, on the ground of the patient not being in a suitable state to be seen by strangers; and, in a few weeks after her admission, death put a period to her sufferings.—The circumstance was affecting, and naturally excited reflections on the situation of insane persons, and on the probable improvements which might be adopted in establishments of this nature. In particular, it was conceived that peculiar advantage would be derived to the Society of Friends, by having an Institution of this kind under their own care, in which a milder and more appropriate system of treatment than that usually practised might be adopted; and where, during lucid intervals, or the state of convalescence, the patient might enjoy the society of those who were of similar habits and opinions.'

Mr. *William Tuke*, whose feelings were much interested, and whose perseverance fitted him for the task, became decidedly of this opinion, and that the admission of every class in regard to property was desirable. Many objections arose; some supposed that the cases amongst the Society were but few; some that privations and severe treatment (the established mode be it observed) were necessary; and others were averse to concentrating the objects. Persuasion and facts, however, in time obviated the tendency of these objections. Subscriptions were raised, a building for thirty patients was commenced, the house was opened on the 11th of May, 1796, and three patients were admitted in June

'The difficulty of finding suitable persons to have the superintendency of the family, occasioned the Committee no small

trouble and anxiety. In the fifth month, [May] however, of the following year, [1796] the person who, at present, has the management of the female department, was happily engaged; and very shortly afterwards, the present superintendent and apothecary entered on his arduous offices. The conductors, and still more the unhappy objects of this Establishment, have great reason to esteem as a blessing the appointment of these individuals.

'The utility and excellence of all Institutions, however perfect in plan, must depend, in great measure, upon the immediate managers; and what the poet has said of political governments, applies with peculiar force to establishments for the insane:—

'Whate'er is best administer'd, is best.'

'An inferior plan; well executed, may be more beneficial than a better system, under neglected management. *Perfection, however, can never be obtained, without excellence in system, as well as in practice.*'

In June, 1797, the Committee reported fifteen patients in the house, and that

'the accommodations are such as to render it suitable for those in any station of life; whether we regard the pleasantness and healthiness of the situation, or the conveniences provided for the use of the patients, both within doors and without; in which we have studiously avoided that gloomy appearance, which frequently accompanies places appropriated for those who are afflicted with disorders of the mind.'

In June, 1798, the committee reported 23 patients in the house; in September, 28 patients, and it became necessary to extend the building. In June, 1799, the patients increased to 33. In June, 1800, to 36; in June, 1801, to 40: further buildings were requisite; and in June, 1812, the number of patients was 66, viz. 26 men and 40 women.

The Retreat is healthily and delightfully situated on an eminence about half a mile from the East Gate of York; the windows are without bars; a garden in front is separated from the road only by a common hedge, with a garden to the north, of an acre for fruit and vegetables, and about 11 acres for growing potatoes and keeping cows, which supply the Institution with milk and butter. In the garden, also, some of the patients are allowed occasional recreation.

The superintendent has likewise endeavoured to furnish a source of amusement, to those patients whose walks are necessarily more circumscribed, by supplying each of the courts with a number of animals; such as rabbits, sea-gulls, hawks, and poultry. These creatures are generally

very familiar with the patients : and it is believed they are not only the means of innocent pleasure ; but that the intercourse with them sometimes tends to awaken the social and benevolent feelings.

There are two day-rooms in the Retreat ; one is occupied by the more violent patients, and such as are least capable of rational enjoyment. Its windows are small double sashes, of cast iron, placed at four feet and a quarter from the ground, and are not defended by any grating.

A well ventilated apartment near this is used, when necessary, for the entire seclusion of a violent patient. Its bed is securely fastened to the ground, and light is, in great measure, but not entirely excluded. This room is also used for temporary confinement, by way of punishment, for any very offensive acts, which the patient had the power to restrain ; but it is frequently unoccupied ; for, there is not on an average, from any cause, one male patient in a state of seclusion during the day.

‘ The day-room which accommodates the superior class, in regard to behaviour, and to capacity of rational enjoyment, has two windows, which afford an agreeable view of the country. They are three feet and a half wide by six feet high, each containing 48 panes of glass, or 24 in each sash. The frames of the sashes are cast iron, about one inch and a half square ; the glass-bars are about five-eighths of an inch thick, and each pane of glass is about six inches and a half by seven and a half. Air is admitted through the windows, by placing the upper cast iron sash, not glazed, immediately over the lower one, and hanging a glazed wooden sash, precisely of the same dimensions, on the outside of the iron frame. In this manner the double sash windows, in general, especially in the patients’ apartments, are all effectually secured, without an appearance of any thing more than common sashes with small squares.’

‘ The general size of the windows in the lodging-rooms is three feet by three feet six inches. They are placed between six and seven feet from the floor, and reach to the ceiling ; the height of each room being about nine feet. Many of the windows were originally boarded up, except one row of panes ; but experience has proved this precaution to be generally unnecessary ; and the shutters are most of them removed. The frames of the sashes are of cast iron ; but these windows being only a single sash, air is admitted at the upper row of panes, consisting of six squares, by not glazing one half, and having a small wooden slide, with three panes of glass in it, to open and shut as occasion requires. Air is also admitted into the patient’s rooms through a small wicket in the door, which is thus constructed : The door has six flat pannels, and the two upper ones have a small wicket between them, hung with two

joints on one edge, and bevelled on the other edge to prevent its passing through. Thus, when shut, it is even with the panels. Over the wicket, slides, in a groove, a piece that completes the appearance of the munnion, or middle stile of the door; and when this is in its usual place, it leaves no appearance different from that of a common door. This contrivance not only admits air, for ventilation, but affords an opportunity for the attendants quietly to look in, if a patient's situation requires such attention. Each door is secured by a small spring mortice-lock, and also a bolt on the outside; but the grating sound of the latter is very objectionable; and it appears that a strong spring mortice-lock, would afford sufficient security in all cases.

'The aspect of a place of confinement is prevented, by the substitution of cast iron window frames for the bars, which, in similar places, usually guard the avenues of light. This contrivance unites the advantages of security, neatness, and durability. There are not in this house any cells under ground. All the rooms, except three, which derive their light from an adjoining gallery, have glass windows. Iron bars and shutters are too often substituted for glazed windows, in rooms appropriated to the insane. The obvious consequence is, that the air, however cold, cannot be kept out of the apartment, without the entire exclusion of light.

'Many errors in the construction, as well as in the management, of asylums for the insane, appear to arise from excessive attention to *safety*. People, in general, have the most erroneous notions of the constantly outrageous behaviour, or malicious dispositions, of deranged persons; and it has, in too many instances, been found convenient to encourage these false sentiments, to apologize for the treatment of the unhappy sufferers, or admit the vicious neglect of their attendants.

'I once,' says Mr. Tuke, 'accidentally visited a house for insane persons, in which security was made a *primary* object. Here I saw three of the keepers, in the middle of the day, earnestly employed in—*playing at cards!*

'In the construction of such places, cure and comfort ought to be as much considered as security; and, I have no hesitation in declaring, that a system which, by limiting the power of the attendant, obliges him not to neglect his duty, and makes it his interest to obtain the good opinion of those under his care, provides more effectually for the safety of the keeper, as well as of the patient, than all the apparatus of chains, darkness, and anodynes.'

The *Medical* experience of the Retreat Mr. Tuke thinks "will not add much to the honour or extent of medical science." We care not for the honour which any science obtains by suppressing the facts of its inefficacious applications. We deprecate all bolstering of false reputation. We are sick unto death at the 'deli-

cacy' with which very sincere enquirers sometimes approach redoubts of rubbish, and affect verily to be awe-stricken by what they thoroughly despise. We should only be encouraging the herd of system-mongers were we to shut our eyes to results; we even think it our duty to proclaim them openly. Whether they be successful or fail is of no consequence to the searcher after truth, further than as the experiments are ascertained to have been correctly made; and as we think that medicine, considered as a science, is less advanced in improvement than most others, so we rejoice at every opportunity which is afforded its professors of being made acquainted with any new fact concerning it. Mr. Tuke's book, however, neither indicates affectation nor false humility; it fairly states that, generally considered, pharmaceutical applications have failed in alleviating the cases at the Retreat, and this is corroborative of the enlightened Pinel, whose experience of the ill success of medicine induced him to relinquish its practice altogether towards new patients: he declines exhibiting medicine until every mode of rational treatment fails. Dr. Fowler it appears was the first physician to the Retreat:

'The sanguine expectations, which he successively formed of benefit to be derived from various pharmaceutic remedies, were, in great measure, as successively disappointed; and, although the proportion of cures, in the early part of the Institution was respectable, yet the medical means were so imperfectly connected with the progress of recovery, that he could not avoid suspecting them to be rather concomitants than causes. Further experiments and observations confirmed his suspicions; and led him to the painful conclusion, (painful alike to our pride and to our humanity,) that medicine, as yet, possesses very inadequate means to relieve the most grievous of human diseases.—Bleeding, blisters, searons, evacuants, and many other prescriptions, which have been highly recommended by writers on insanity, received an ample trial; but they appeared to the physician too inefficacious, to deserve the appellation of remedies, except when indicated by the general state of the habit. As the use of anti-maniacal medicines was thus doubtful, a very strong argument against them arose, from the difficulty with which they were very frequently administered; as well as from the impossibility of employing powerful medicines, in a long continuance, without doing some injury to the constitution. The physician plainly perceived how much was to be done by moral, and how little by any known medical means. He therefore directed, with his usual humanity and modesty, that any medicine which he might prescribe, by way of experiment, should not be administered, where the aversion of the patient was great; unless the general health strongly

indicated its necessity; well aware, that otherwise, the probable good would not be equal to the certain injury.

Dr. Fowler's 'conclusions have since considerably influenced his successors. This, however, has not been entirely the case. Anxious to remove the difficulties that have hitherto attended every attempt to relieve this most deplorable of human maladies, they have had recourse to various means, suggested either by their own knowledge and ingenuity, or recommended by later writers; but their success has not been such as to rescue this branch of their profession from the charge, unjustly exhibited by some against the art of medicine in general, of its being chiefly conjectural. It must not, however, be supposed, that the office of physician is considered at the Retreat of little importance. The physician, from his office, sometimes possesses more influence over the patient's minds than the other attendants; and in all cases where the mental disease is attended by any bodily disorder; and more especially when it has supervened any obvious malady, however slight, judicious medical attention has been found of the greatest advantage. The improvement of one part of the system has so frequently and regularly kept pace with that of the other, as to leave no doubt of the great importance of attention to the general health of insane patients. The inexplicable sympathy between body and mind appears to exist, in a morbid degree, in this description of persons; and to them the remark of Dr. Beddoes, that there is more connection between a sound mind and a sound body than is generally imagined, is peculiarly applicable. A degree of indigestion, or a fullness of the blood vessels, which, in others, occasions only a head-ache, or a slight degree of mental inactivity, often produces, in habits where the tendency to insanity is strong, a violent maniacal paroxysm; and has frequently been attended by an accession of the diseased symptoms, or by a relapse when convalescence appeared approaching.'

The practice at the Retreat seems to have 'grown with its growth, and strengthened with his strength,'—to have resulted from the experience of its managers in the application of new means. The following is a fact deserving notice.

'The difficulty of obtaining sleep for maniacal patients, and the unpleasant effects frequently produced by the use of opium, are well known to medical practitioners. It occurred, however, to the sensible mind of the superintendent, that all animals in a natural state repose after a full meal; and, reasoning by analogy, he was led to imagine, that a liberal supper would perhaps prove the best anodyne. He therefore caused a patient, whose violent excitement of mind indisposed him to sleep, to be supplied freely with meat, or cheese and bread, and good porter. The effect answered his expectation; and this mode of obtaining sleep, during maniacal paroxysms, has since been

very frequently and successfully employed. In cases where the patient is averse to take food, porter alone has been used with evident advantage, always avoiding, in all cases, any degree of intoxication.'

A liberal diet is allowed; pudding and animal food five days in the week; fruit pudding, and broth or soup, two days: milk porridge or bread and milk for breakfast; in the afternoon, the men bread and beer; the women, tea or coffee—supper the same as breakfast. The superior patients live as the superintendents. Low diet is regarded as injurious. Pinel relates most affecting consequences of low-living in the Insane.

The managers anxiously recommend the friends of the patient to seclude him as quickly as possible by removing him from home.

'A patient confined at home feels naturally a degree of resentment, when those, whom he has been accustomed to command, refuse to obey his orders, or attempt to restrain him. We may also, I conceive, in part, attribute to similar secondary causes, that apparent absence of the social affections, and that sad indifference to the accustomed sources of domestic pleasure, of which we have just been speaking. The unhappy maniac is frequently unconscious of his own disease. He is unable to account for the change in the conduct of his wife, his children, and his surrounding friends. They appear to him cruel, disobedient, and ungrateful. His disease aggravates their conduct in his view, and leads him to numerous unfounded suspicions. Hence, the estrangement of his affections may frequently be the natural consequence, of either the proper and necessary, or of the mistaken conduct of his friends towards him.—In such cases the judicious kindness of others appears generally to excite the gratitude and affection of the patient. Even in those deplorable instances, where the ingenious humanity of the superintendent fails to conciliate, and the jaundice-like disease changes the very aspect of nature, and represents all mankind as the leagued enemies of the patient, the existence of the social affections has often been strikingly evidenced, by attachment to some of the inferior animals.'

Mr. Tuke relates a remarkable case, mentioned to him by a medical friend, to shew that, even in idiocy, the mind may be rather suppressed than destroyed, and leaves to the metaphysical reader further speculation on this, certainly, very curious case.

'A young woman, who was employed as a domestic servant, by the father of the relater, when he was a boy, became insane, and at length sunk into a state of perfect idiocy. In this condition she remained for many years, when she was attacked by a typhus fever; and my friend, having then practised some

time, attended her. He was surprised to observe, as the fever advanced, a development of the mental powers. During that period of the fever, when others were delirious, this patient was entirely rational. She recognized, in the face of her medical attendant, the son of her old master, whom she had known so many years before: and she related many circumstances respecting his family, and others, which had happened to herself in her earlier days. But, alas! it was only the gleam of reason; as her fever abated, clouds again enveloped the mind; she sunk into her former deplorable state, and remained in it until her death, which happened a few years afterwards.

The moral treatment of the insane forms a distinguished portion of Mr. Tuke's work; and as he evinces great clearness in communicating his views, we give him entire credit for thorough acquaintance with the subject.—Indeed it is difficult to imagine that an intelligent person, with the assistance of Pinel, should remain unconvinced of the necessity and efficacy of mild treatment; or that, if he be in other respects qualified, he would not shortly be able to assist materially in the management of ordinary cases. We extract with great pleasure from this section of the work, for we feel assured, that the friends of the unhappy subjects of this dreadful malady, will give an eager attention to the relation of some of the principles upon which the system of moral management is founded.

‘The principle of fear, which is rarely decreased by insanity, is considered as of great importance in the management of the patients. But it is not allowed to be excited beyond that degree which naturally arises from the necessary regulations of the family. Neither chains nor corporal punishment are tolerated, on any pretext, in this establishment. The patients, therefore, cannot be threatened with these severities; yet, in all houses established for the reception of the insane, the general comfort of the patients ought to be considered; and those who are violent, and require to be separated from the more tranquil, and to be prevented, by some means, from offensive conduct, towards their fellow-sufferers. Hence, the patients are arranged into classes, as much as may be, according to the degree in which they approach to rational or orderly conduct.—They quickly perceive, or if not, they are informed on the first occasion, that their treatment depends, in great measure, upon their conduct. Coercion thus flowing as a sort of necessary consequence, and being executed in a manner which marks the reluctance of the attendant, it seldom exasperates the violence of the patient, or produces that feverish and sometimes furious irritability, in which the maniacal character is completely developed; and under which all power of self-control is utterly lost.

He afterwards puts these striking questions :

‘ Is then the violent excitement of the principle of fear, better adapted to enable the maniac to control his wanderings, and to suppress his emotions? Is it not well known that the passions of many maniacs are extremely irritable? and, when once excited, are not all moral means to subdue them, as ineffectual as the attempt would be to quench, by artificial means, the fires of Etna?—If it be true that oppression makes a *wise* man mad, is it to be supposed that stripes, and insults, and injuries, for which the receiver knows no cause, are calculated to make a *madman* wise? or would they not exasperate his disease, and excite his resentment? May we not hence most clearly perceive why furious mania is almost a stranger in the Retreat? why all the patients wear clothes, and are generally induced to adopt orderly habits?

The following cases and illustrations of practice well deserve attention.—

‘ The superintendent of this Institution is fully of opinion, that a state of furious mania, is very often excited by the mode of management. Of this opinion, a striking illustration occurred in this Institution some years ago. A patient, of rather a vindictive and self-important character, who had previously conducted himself with tolerable propriety, one day climbed up against a window, which overlooked the court where he was confined, and amused himself by contemplating the interior of the room. An attendant, who had not been long in office, perceiving his situation, ran hastily towards him, and, without prearrange, drew him to the ground. The patient was highly incensed; a scuffle immediately ensued, in which he succeeded in throwing his antagonist: and had not the loud vociferations of this attendant alarmed the family, it is probable that he would have paid for his rash conduct by the loss of his life. The furious state of the patient’s mind did not continue long; but after this circumstance he was more vindictive and violent.

‘ Some years ago, a man about thirty-four years of age, of almost Herculean size and figure, was brought to the house. He had been afflicted several times before; and so constantly, during the present attack, had he been kept chained, that his clothes were contrived to be taken off and put on by means of straps, without removing his manacles. They were, however, taken off when he entered the Retreat, and he was ushered into the apartment where the superintendents were supping. He was calm; his attention appeared to be arrested by his new situation. He was desired to join in the repast, during which he behaved with tolerable propriety. After it was concluded, the superintendent conducted him to his apartment, and told him the circumstances on which his treatment would depend; that it was his anxious wish to make every inhabitant in the house as

comfortable as possible; and that he sincerely hoped the patient's conduct would render it unnecessary for him to have recourse to coercion. The maniac was sensible of the kindness of his treatment. He promised to restrain himself, and he so completely succeeded, that during his stay no coercive means were employed towards him. This case affords a striking example of the efficacy of mild treatment. The patient was frequently very vociferous, and threatened his attendants, who in their defence were very desirous of restraining him by the jacket. The superintendent, on these occasions, went to his apartment; and though the first sight of him seemed rather to increase the patient's irritation, yet after sitting some time quietly beside him, the violent excitement subsided, and he would listen with attention to the persuasions and arguments of his friendly visitor. After such conversations, the patient was generally better for some days or a week; and in about four months he was discharged perfectly recovered.'

Considerable stress is laid on the value of exercise and employment.

'The female patients in the Retreat, are employed, as much as possible, in sewing, knitting, or domestic affairs; and several of the convalescents assist the attendants. Of all the modes by which the patients may be induced to restrain themselves, regular employment is perhaps the most generally efficacious; and those kinds of employment are doubtless to be preferred, both on a moral and physical account, which are accompanied by considerable bodily action; that are most agreeable to the patient, and which are most opposite to the illusions of his disease.'

Amongst the motives which have operated in producing self-restraint in the minds of maniacs, the desire of esteem is considered not the least powerful.

'It is probably from encouraging the action of this principle, that so much advantage has been found in this Institution, from treating the patient as much in the manner of a rational being, as the state of his mind will possibly allow. The superintendant is particularly attentive to this point, in his conversation with the patients. He introduces such topics as he knows will most interest them; and which, at the same time, allows them to display their knowledge to the greatest advantage. If the patient is an agriculturist, he asks him questions relative to his art; and frequently consults him upon any occasion in which his knowledge may be useful. I have heard one of the worst patients in the house, who, previously to his indisposition, had been a considerable grazier, give very sensible directions for the treatment of a diseased cow. These considerations are undoubtedly very material, as they regard the comfort of insane persons; but they are of far greater importance, as they relate to the cure of the disorder. The patient feeling himself of

some consequence, is induced to support it by the exertion of his reason, and by restraining those dispositions, which, if indulged, would lessen the respectful treatment he receives; or lower his character in the eyes of his companions and attendants.'

All indulgences are allowed the patient that can be permitted without danger of increasing the complaint. The singularity of a literary production, with claims to merit arising from this permission, induces us to give place to a pleasing poem, which is thus prefaced by Mr. Tuke.

' This indulgence in the means of writing frequently leads to curious effusions, both in prose and poetry. The following specimen of the latter, will probably interest the reader. He will be surprised to learn, that the patient, at the time of its composition, laboured under a very considerable degree of active mania. This is not the only instance in which we have been reminded of the lines of the poet.

" Great wit to madness, sure, is near allied,
" And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

SPIRIT of darkness! from yon lonely shade
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring;
Spirit of darkness, hear thy fav'rite maid
To Sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.
Ah! how has Love despoil'd my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind;
Ah! how has Love hung o'er thy trophied tomb,
The spoils of genius, and the wreck of mind.
High rides the moon the silent heav'ns along,
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;
Soft steals the Lover, when the morning song
Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound.
Then I, with thee, my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;
Again my lyre, unstrung, I sadly sweep,
While Love leads up the dance with harp in hand.
High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteors shone,
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray,
I turn'd, but found Despair on his wild roam,
And with the dæmon bent my hither-way.
Soft o'er the vales she blew her bugle horn,
Oh, where, MARIA! whither dost thou stray?
Return, thou false maid, to th' echoing sound,—
I flew, nor heeded the sweet syren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to yon lonely towers
I turn, and hail thy time-worn turrets mine,
Where flourish fair the night-shade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue, the wasting tapers shine.
There, O my Edwin! does thy spirit greet
In fancy's maze thy lov'd and wandering maid;
Soft thro' the bower thy shade Maria meets,
And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.
O, come with me, and hear the song of eve,
Far sweeter, far, than the loud shout of morn;
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze,
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.
We have a tale; and song may charm these shades,
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind,
Where sorrow's captives hail thy once lov'd maid,
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.
Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu,
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more,
Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.
But stay, rash youth, the sun has climb'd on high,
The night is past, the shadows all are gone,
For lost Maria breathe the eternal sigh,
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.

One other quotation and we conclude our extracts from this valuable volume.

'The various branches of the mathematics and natural science, furnish the most useful class of subjects on which to employ the minds of the insane; and they should, as much as possible, be induced to pursue one subject steadily. Any branch of knowledge with which the patient has been previously acquainted, may be resumed with greater ease; and his disposition to pursue it will be encouraged by the competency which he is able to exhibit.

'I met with a striking instance, of the advantage of attention to this point, some years ago. It was related to me by a person of great respectability, who was himself the subject of the case. He stated, that a few years before that time, his mind had been greatly depressed, without any apparent cause. The most dismal thoughts continually haunted his mind, and he found the greatest difficulty, in confining his attention, for the shortest time, to one subject. He felt entirely indifferent to his business and his family, and, of course, he neglected them. It was with great difficulty he was induced to take sufficient food to support life. His body became emaciated, and his mind more and more enfeebled.

'In this state, as he was one day musing upon his miserable condition, he perceived, by the faint glimmerings of remaining reason, the still worse state to which he must be reduced, if he continued to

indulge his gloomy reflections and habits. Alarmed with the prospect of the future, he resolved to exert the power which he still possessed to control his unhappy dispositions, and to regain the habit of attention. For this purpose, he determined, immediately to apply himself to mathematics, with which he had been well acquainted in his youth, and also to adopt a more liberal regimen.'

'The first attempt to go through the easiest problem, cost him indescribable labour and pain. But he persisted in the endeavour; the difficulty of fixing his attention gradually lessened; he overcame his tendency to abstinence; and very shortly recovered the use of his faculties and his former temper of mind.'

'Perhaps few persons, in the situation which I have described, would have had the courage to form such resolutions; and still fewer, the fortitude to perform them. The case, however, certainly points out what may possibly be done; and how important it is, in a curative point of view, to encourage the patient in steady mental pursuit.'

A table of cases admitted into 'the Retreat' is appended to the work with a comparative statement of the number of incurable patients admitted into, and discharged from 'the Retreat,' from St. Luke's, and from Bethlem; whence it appears that at St. Luke's out of 323, 18 were cured;—at Bethlem out of 78, only one was cured, who relapsed twice and was ultimately sent from the hospital uncured; and that, at 'the Retreat' 16 out of 82 incurable cases were discharged cured. This fact is invincible in favor of the mild mode of treatment. We have calculated the cost of supporting the patients in 'the Retreat' including wear and tear of furniture, linen, &c. and find it to be about 9s. 1d. per head, per week.

Perhaps our extracts may be thought copious, but the work abounds with such excellent matter that we think we have rather been scanty in quotation than satisfactory, and our own remarks have been sparing that the author's information might be the less curtailed. The length of the article too would demand some apology if the book were of less value. We however think so highly of it, that we regard its publication as pregnant with numerous advantages to society. Insanity ravages the land from the throne to the cottage; and as neither rank or talent, age, sex, or condition, are exempt from its dreadful visitations, every individual is more or less interested in obtaining correct information respecting its causes, effects, and cure. Ignorance in this respect is not less silly than dangerous; numerous cases have recently occurred which could hardly have happened in a state of civilization where a large portion of the community possessed a knowledge of the

symptoms or consequences of mental derangement; and abuses of a very flagrant kind, it cannot be denied, exist, at this moment, in private receptacles for the insane. Dreadful wounds have been inflicted on society by maniacs, improperly remaining at large. It is true that some of them have been hanged, and others been shut up for life, under the designation of criminal lunatics; and that cells peculiarly constructed are erecting in various prisons of those who may hereafter commit murder. But this will neither operate as punishment nor example on those who permanently recover, as doubtless many do—save and except those who are hanged. It is a wanton infliction of injustice, and is about as humane and as politic as would be the hanging a child of two years old for setting a house on fire. The difference between infancy and insanity, simply consisting in children not having attained reason, and the insane having lost it.

We recollect that we used the term *Lunatic*, which we quoted from the title of an act of parliament; but it being important that error upon this subject should abound as little as possible, we wish to remark that as lunacy supposes insanity to be influenced by the moon, and as the moon has no influence whatever on the disease, the term should be altogether disused.—We know the importance which is attached to terms and phrases denoting particular qualities, and it surely is at least improper to imply a lunar operation upon the deranged mind, the belief of which has subjected many a miserable maniac to monthly shavings, blisterings, and bleedings.

Notwithstanding Mr. Tuke's book has been noticed before, we have been induced, by different motives, to re-review it; of which, not the least forcible is, the consideration that several establishments for the insane have been recently formed; and, that setting up private mad-houses, has been thought a "good speculation." The principles of the practice at "the Retreat," are founded upon views so different, that we expect from them a counteracting influence to the selfishness of mad-house proprietors, and the cupidity of keepers. We are persuaded that the "*mild treatment*" has already induced many salutary innovations upon the "*regular treatment*." We understand that the county of Norfolk has just completed an Asylum for Insane Paupers, at Thorpe, near Norwich, which is

heated throughout by steam—a most important and humane improvement in the internal economy of such buildings ; and we have seen a “ Proposal for the establishment of a London Asylum for the care and cure of the Insane upon an improved System of Management,” which is intended to accommodate four hundred patients, the treatment of whom shall be assimilated as much as possible to that at “ the Retreat.” The system of PINEL and the practice at “ the Retreat,” will as certainly displace the old system of treatment, as light dispels darkness. We are anxious to assist in accelerating the consummation of so much pure and unmixed good.

ART. III.—*Narrative of the most remarkable Events which occurred in and near Leipzig, immediately before, during, and subsequent to, the sanguinary Series of Engagements between the Allied Armies and the French, from the 11th to the 19th October 1813 ; illustrated with Military Maps, exhibiting the Movements of the respective Armies. Compiled and translated from the German by Frederick Shoberl, 8vo. pp. 104. London, Ackerman, 1814 ; price 5s.*

WHETHER we consider the universal interest and importance of the subject of this pamphlet—the great events which, in such rapid succession, have followed the tremendous battle it describes, and, at once, decided the fate of Germany, and, we confidently hope, terminated the desolation of Europe ;—the animated and impressive language in which these events are delineated, or “ the alleviation of the complicated woes of the devoted martyrs to the emancipation of Europe ;—or whether we consider the curiosity of the public, or anticipate their pleasure on perusing it, its appearance, at this time, affords us much satisfaction.

The author, who familiarly addresses his friend, describes this not as

‘ a narrative that will enter into military details, but merely a faithful picture of what fell under his own observation ; of what his own eyes, assisted by an excellent telescope, could discover from one of the highest buildings in the city, in the centre of operations, in the midst of a circumference of more than 18 leagues ;

and what he saw and heard while venturing, at the hazard of his life, out of the city, close in the rear of the French lines, into the horrible bustle and tumult of the baggage-waggons and bivouacs.'

A more adequate idea of the importance of this battle, and the mode of describing it, may be formed from the following extract.

'We were here exactly in the middle of the immense magic circle, where the incantations thundered forth from upwards of fifteen hundred engines of destruction annihilated many thousands, in order to produce a new creation. It was the conflict of the Titans against Olympus. It is unparalleled in regard to the commanders, great part of whom knew nothing of defeat but from the discomfiture of their opponents, and among whom were three emperors, a king, and the heir-apparent to a throne;—it is unparalleled in regard to the form, for it was fought in a circle which embraced more than fifteen miles;—it is unparalleled in regard to the prodigious armies engaged, for almost half a million of warriors out of every region of Europe and Asia, from the mouth of the Tajo to the Caucasus, with near two thousand pieces of cannon, were arrayed against one another;—it is unparalleled in regard to its duration, for it lasted almost one hundred hours;—it is unparalleled in regard to the plan so profoundly combined and so maturely digested by the allies, and characterized by an unity, which in a gigantic mass, composed of such multifarious parts, would have been previously deemed impossible;—it is unparalleled also in regard to its consequences, the full extent of which time alone can develop, and the first of which, the dissolution of the confederation of the Rhine, the overthrow of the Continental system, and the deliverance of Germany, are already before our eyes;—finally, it is unparalleled in regard to single extraordinary events, the most remarkable of which is, that the majority of the allies of the grand army, who had fought under the banners of France in so many engagements with exemplary valour and obstinacy, in the midst of this conflict, as if awakened by an electric shock, went over in large bodies, with their drums beating and with all their artillery to the hostile legions, and immediately turned their arms against their former associates. The annals of modern warfare exhibit no examples of such a phenomenon, except upon the most contracted scale.

In narrating the dreadful ravages committed by the French, it is observed,

'that, although Saxony is one of the richest and most fertile provinces in Germany, and the vicinity of Leipzig had been remarkable for abundance, yet with such wanton waste, famine, the most dangerous foe to an army, should, at length, have found its way into the French camp.'....'Bread and other provisions had not been seen in our markets for several days, and thus it was now

our turn to endure the pressure of hunger. It was a fortunate circumstance that many families had laid in a quantity of potatoes, which indeed might yet be purchased, though at an exorbitant price. The bakers of this place were obliged to work up the small stock of flour in their possession for the use of the troops; and all other persons were driven from the doors by the guards with the butt-ends of their muskets; though the citizen who came in quest of bread had perhaps twenty men quartered upon him, who all expected him to find wherewith to satisfy their craving appetites.'

Having given what he terms the prologue to the grand tragedy which was about to be performed in so spacious an amphitheatre, the author proceeds to detail the occurrences previous to the battle; the positions of the hostile armies; the consternation in the town; and the exploits of the Cossacks, who invariably kidnapped any troops of light cavalry sent out upon patrol or piquet duty. He then describes the first battle.

In relating the engagement on the second day, the singular instance is given of the audacity of the Cossacks, who, it is said, 'had the boldness to venture within musket shot of the French lines, alighting to thrust their pikes into the ground, and to let their horses run about.' Such was their audacity that the king of Saxony had nearly been taken while in the midst of the French army, and within half a league of Leipzig, which was only prevented by 80 horsemen, under an officer who was obliged to lace about till the king had reached a place of safety.

The author concludes this pamphlet which we doubt not, will be eagerly read, with the following pathetic appeal in behalf of the distressed inhabitants of this once famed commercial city.

'All the countries of our continent have been more or less drained by this destructive war. Whither then are these poor people, who have such need of assistance—whither are they to look for relief? Whither but to the sea-girt Albion, whose wooden walls defy every hostile attack,—who has, uninjured, maintained the glorious conflict with France, both by water and land? Ye free, ye beneficent, ye happy Britons, whose generosity is attested by every page of the annals of suffering humanity—whose soil has been trodden by no hostile foot—who know not the feelings of the wretch that beholds a foreign master revelling in his habitation,—of you the city of Leipzig implores relief for the inhabitants of the circumjacent villages and hamlets, ruined by the military events in the past month of October. We therefore entreat our patrons and friends in England to open a subscription in their behalf: The boon of charity shall be punctually acknowledged in the

public papers, and conscientiously distributed, agreeably to the object for which it was designed, by a committee appointed for the purpose. Those who partake of it will bless their benefactors, and their grateful prayers for them will ascend to heaven.

It will be seen from the preceding extracts that this pamphlet is replete with information relative to one of the most important occurrences of these eventful times.

ART. IV.—*Patronage; by Maria Edgeworth; Author of 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' 'Belinda,' 'Leonora,' &c.; Four Volumes, 12mo, Boards, London, 1814.—Johnson.*

WE congratulate the public upon another effusion of genius from the elegant pen of Miss Edgeworth; the former productions of this lady have already passed the ordeal of criticism, and entitle her to a very distinguished rank amongst the British Novellists.

The present Novel is not a great deal inferior to those which have preceded it; a similar mode of expression; vivacity of description, and discriminative delineation of character, with the other writings of this lady, would designate the authoress of *Patronage* to be Miss Edgeworth, if her name were not attached to its title.

The object of this Novel is to inculcate the value of personal and political independence. Miss E. has delineated the moral portraiture of two families of principles and pursuits in direct opposition; the Falconers and the Percys. Mr. Commissioner Falconer is one of those low and groveling spirits who sacrifice every principle of honour and feeling to the shrine of corruption and advancement of his family; one of his sons, Cunningham, is thrust into the diplomatic department under Lord Oldborough. This nobleman is one of the principal characters; the interview between his lordship and Mr. Percy is most impressively conveyed. We give it in the writer's words.

'Left alone with Mr. Percy, Lord Oldborough looked less reserved, for he plainly saw,—indeed Mr. Percy plainly showed, that he had nothing to ask from the great man, but that he came only to see his friend.'

"Many years since we met, Mr. Percy," said his lordship, sitting down, and placing his chair for the first time, without considering whether his face or his back were to the light. "A great

many years since we met, Mr. Percy. And yet, I should not think so from your appearance; you do not look as if....shall I say it?....five and twenty years had passed since that time. But you have been leading an easy life in the country,....the happiest life....I envy you."

"Mr. Percy, thinking that these were words of course, the mere polite *cant* of a courtier to a country gentleman, smiled, and replied that few, who were acquainted with their different situations in the world, would imagine that Mr. Percy could be an object of envy to Lord Oldborough, a statesman at the summit of favor and fortune.

"Not the summit," said Lord Oldborough, sighing; "and if I were even at the summit, it is, you know, a dangerous situation. Fortune's wheel never stands still—the highest point, therefore, the most perilous."—His lordship sighed again as deeply as before: then spoke, or rather led to the subject, of general politics, of which Mr. Percy gave his opinions with freedom and openness, yet without ever forgetting the respect due to Lord Oldborough's situation. His lordship seemed sensible of this attention, sometimes nodded, and sometimes smiled, as Mr. Percy spoke of public men or measures; but when he expressed any sentiment of patriotism, or of public virtue, Lord Oldborough took to his snuff-box, shook and levelled the snuff, and if he listened, listened as to words superfluous and irrelevant. When Mr. Percy uttered any principle favourable to the liberty of the press, or of the people, his lordship would take several pinches of snuff rapidly, to hide the expression of his countenance; if the topics were continued, his averted eyes and compressed lips showed disapprobation, and the difficulty he felt in refraining from reply. From reply, however, he did absolutely refrain; and after a pause of a few moments, with a smile, in a softer and lower voice than his usual tone, he asked Mr. Percy some questions about his family, and turned the conversation again to domestic affairs; expressed surprise, that a man of Mr. Percy's talents should live in such absolute retirement, and seeming to forget what he had said himself but half an hour before, of the pains and dangers of ambition, and all that Mr. Percy had said of his love of domestic life, appeared to take it for granted, that Mr. Percy would be glad to shine in public, if opportunity were not wanting. Upon this supposition, his Lordship dexterously pointed out ways by which he might *distinguish* himself; threw out assurances of his own good wishes, compliments to his talents, and, in short, sounded his heart, still expecting to find corruption or ambition at the bottom. But none was to be found; Lord Oldborough was convinced of it, and surprised. Perhaps his esteem for Mr. Percy's understanding fell some degrees—he considered him as an eccentric person, acting from unaccountable motives. But still he respected him as that rarest of all things in a politician's eye—a really honest independent man. He believed also that Mr. Percy had some regard for him; and whatever

portion it might be, it was valuable and extraordinary—for it was disinterested; besides they could never cross in their objects—and as Mr. Percy lived out of the world, and had no connexion with any party, he was a perfectly safe man. All these thoughts acted so powerfully upon Lord Oldborough, that he threw aside his reserve, in a manner which would have delighted Mr. Falconer. Mr. Percy was astonished, but not delighted—he saw a noble mind corroded and debased by ambition—virtuous principle, generous feeling stifled—a powerful, capacious understanding distorted beyond recovery—a soul once expatiating, and full of high thoughts, now confined to a span—bent down to low concerns—imprisoned in the precincts of a court.

“You pity me,” said Lord Oldborough, who seemed to understand Mr. Percy’s thoughts—“you pity me—I pity myself. But such is ambition, and I cannot live without it—once and always it’s slave.”

“A person of such strong mind as Lord Oldborough could emancipate himself from any slavery—even that of habit.”

“Yes, if he wished to break through it; but he does not.”

“Can he have utterly——”

“Lost his taste for freedom? you would say, yes, utterly, I see you pity me,” said his Lordship with a bitter smile—“and,” added he, rising proudly, “I am unused to be pitied, and I am awkward, I fear, under the obligation.” Resuming his friendly aspect, however, in a moment or two, he followed Mr. Percy, who had turned to examine a fine picture.

“Yes; a Corregio. You are not aware, my dear sir,” continued he “that between the youth you knew at Paris, and the man who has now the honour to speak to you, there is nothing in common, absolutely nothing, except regard for Mr. Percy. You had always great knowledge of character, I remember; but with respect to my own, you will recollect, that I have the advantage of possessing *la carte du pays*. You are grown quite a philosopher, I find. And so am I, in my own way. In short, to put the question between us at rest for ever, *there is nothing left for me in life but ambition*. Now let us go to Corregio, or what you please”

Mr. Percy followed his Lordship’s lead immediately to Italy, to France, to Paris, and talking over old times and youthful days, the conversation grew gay and familiar. Lord Oldborough seemed enlivened and pleased, and yet, as if it was a reminiscence of a former state of existence, he often repeated—“Ah! those were young days, very young, I was a boy then, quite a boy.” At last, Mr. Percy touched upon love and women, and, by accident, mentioned an Italian lady whom they had known abroad. A flash of pale anger, almost of phrenzy, passed across Lord Oldborough’s countenance, he turned short, darted full on Mr. Percy a penetrating, imperious, interrogative look. Answered by the innocence, the steady openness of Mr. Percy’s countenance, Lord Oldborough grew red instantly, and conscious of his unusual change of colour, stood actually abashed. A moment afterward, commanding his

agitation, he forced his whole person to an air of tranquillity, took up the red book, which lay upon his table, walked deliberately to a window, and looking earnestly through his glass, asked if Mr. Percy could recollect who was member for some borough in the neighbourhood? The conversation after this, languished; and though some efforts were made, it never recovered the tone of ease and confidence.

Buckhurst Falconer is intended for the church; and for his services rendered to Lord Oldborough in having stood champion for Colonel Hauton, nephew to Lord Oldborough, and saved him from a horse-whipping on the race-ground, he expects the valuable living of Chipping Friars, amounting to £900 per annum. The narrative of this transaction is worthy the pen of Miss Edgeworth; it shews an intimate knowledge of fashionable life, and proves our authoress completely "up" to the transactions of the turf.

Colonel Hauton, Lord Oldborough's nephew, stayed during his uncle's absence at Clermont-Park, to be in readiness for the races, which, this year, were expected to be uncommonly fine. Buckhurst Falconer had been at school and at the university with the colonel, and had frequently helped him in his latin exercises. The colonel having been always deficient in scholarship, he had early contracted an aversion to literature, which at last amounted to an antipathy even to the very sight of books, in consequence, perhaps, of his uncle's ardent and precipitate desire to make him apply to them, whilst his head was full of tops and balls—kites and ponies. Be this as it may, Commissioner Falconer thought his son might profit by this school friendship, and might now renew and improve the connexion. Accordingly Buckhurst waited upon the colonel, was immediately recognised and received with promising demonstrations of joy.

It would be difficult, indeed impossible, to describe Colonel Hauton, so as to distinguish him from a thousand other young men of the same class, except, perhaps, that he might be characterized by having more exclusive and inveterate selfishness. Yet this was so far from appearing or being suspected on a first acquaintance, that he was generally thought a sociable good-natured fellow. It was his absolute dependance upon others for daily amusements and ideas, or rather for knowing what to do with himself, that gave him this semblance of being sociable; the total want of proper pride and dignity in his whole deportment. . . a certain *slang* and familiarity of tone, gave superficial observers the notion that he was good-natured. It was Colonel Hauton's great ambition to look like his own coachman; he succeeded only so far, as to look like his groom: but though he kept company with jockeys and coachmen, grooms and stable boys, yet not the stiffest, haughtiest, flat-backed Don of Spain, in Spain's proudest days, could be more completely aristocratic.

eratic in his principles, or more despotic in his habits. That could not break out to his equals, and his equals cared little how he treated his inferiors. His present pleasure, or rather his present business, for no man made more a business of pleasure than Colonel Hanton, was the turf. Buckhurst Falconer could not here assist him as much as in making latin verses, but he could admire and sympathize; and the colonel, proud of being now the superior, proud of his knowing style and his capital stud, enjoyed Buckhurst's company particularly, pressed him to stay at Clermont-Park, and to accompany him to the races. There was to be a famous match between Colonel Hanton's High-Blood and Squire Burton's Wildfire; and the preparations of the horses and of their riders occupied the intervening days. With all imaginable care, anxiety, and solemnity, these important preparations were conducted. At stated hours Colonel Hanton, and with him Buckhurst, went to to see High-Blood rubbed down, and watered, and exercised, and minuted, and rubbed down, and littered. Next to the horse, the rider, Jack Giles, was to be attended to with the greatest solicitude; he was to be weighed—and starved—and watched—and drammed—and sweated—and weighed again, and so on, in daily succession; and harder still, through this whole course he was to be kept in humour, “note that ever starved man or beast,” as the stable-boy declared, “ever worked harder for their bread, than his master and master's companion did this week for their pleasure.”

At last the great the important day arrived, and Jack Giles was weighed for the last time in public, and so was Tom Hand, Squire Burton's rider, and High-Blood and Wildfire were brought out; and the spectators assembled in the stand, and about the scales, were all impatience, especially those who had betted on either of the horses.—And—Now Hanton!..Now Burton!..Now High-Blood!..Now Wildfire!—Now Jack Giles!..And..Now Tom Hand!—resounded on all sides. The gentlemen on the race-ground were all on tiptoe in their stirrups. The ladies in the stand, stretched their necks of snow, and nobody looked at them. Two men were run over, and nobody took them up. Two ladies fainted, and gentlemen betted across them. This was no time for nice observances. Jack Giles's spirits began to flag..and Tom Hand's judgment to tell. High-Blood on the full stretch, was within view of the winning post, when Wildfire, quite in wind, was put to his speed by the judicious Tom Hand..he sprang forward, came up with High-Blood..passed him..Jack Giles strove in vain to regain his ground..High-Blood was blown, beyond the power of whip or spur..Wildfire reached the post, and Squire Burton won the match hollow.

His friends congratulated him and themselves loudly, and extolled Tom Hand and Wildfire to the skies. In the moment of disappointment, Colonel Hanton, out of humor, said something that implied a suspicion of unfairness on the part of Burton or Tom Hand, which the honest squire could not brook, either for self or rider.

He swore "that his Tom Hand was as honest a fellow as any in England, and he would back him for such!" The colonel, depending on his own and his uncle's importance, on his party and his flatterers, treated the squire with some of the haughtiness of rank, to which the squire retorted with some rustic English humor. The Colonel, who had not wit at will, to put down his antagonist, became still more provoked to see that such a low-born fellow as the squire should and could laugh, and make others laugh. For the lack of wit the colonel had recourse to insolence, and went on from one impertinence to another, till the squire enraged, declared, "that he would not be brow-beat by any Lord's nephew, or Jackanapes Colonel that ever wore a head, and as he spoke, tremendous in his ire, squire Burton brandished high the British horse-whip. At this critical moment, as it is asserted by some of the by-standers, the colonel *quailed* and backed a few paces, but others pretend that Buckhurst Falconer pushed before him. It is certain that Buckhurst stopped the blow, wrested the horse-whip from the squire.. was challenged by him on the spot.. accepted the challenge.. fought the squire.. winged him.. appeared on the race ground afterwards, and was admired by the ladies in public, and by his father in private, who looked upon the duel and horse-whipping, from which he thus saved his patron's nephew, as the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened to his son upon his entrance into life."

Buckhurst however is more conscientious than the commissioner; although threatened with arrests for debts contracted at Oxford, in case of non-compliance with his father's commands to take orders, which he firmly rejects through the persuasion of the benevolent Mr. Percy, by whom his debts are paid—Buckhurst turns from the church to the law. The other brother John, is intended for the army;—these, with two sisters, who are introduced into all the levities of fashionable life, constitute the *Dramatis Personæ* of the family of the Falconers.

Opposed to the above is the Percy family, at the head of which is Mr. Percy, whose character of high independence and moral excellence, developing itself gradually amidst a variety of incidents, and personal intercourse, wherein he is engaged forms a strong contrast to the cringing servility of Commissioner Falconer. Mr. Percy is a man of education, of a well cultivated and highly moral mind, a philosopher in the strictest sense, uninfluenced by wealth, unsubdued by adversity. By the loss of a title deed, destroyed in a fire which occurred at Percy Hall, he is compelled, through the malicious machinations of a pettifogging Attorney (Mr. Sharpe,) to give up the manor of his ancestors; and, with his wife and daughter, who constitute a model of conjugal affection and

filial duty, to retire to a farm called "The Hills." The account of this departure is given in terms, the most simple and affecting. No affectation of sentiment, no pomposity of expression, no laboured "prosaic pictures" fatigue and disgust. In all the artless simplicity of nature, the description makes its way directly to the heart, the magic of the pen converts fiction into reality,

— and gives to Airy Nothing,

A local habitation and a name.

Nor in the more playful stile of humorous description is this lady less excellent than in the pathetic or descriptive; her humorous delineation of the occurrences at the race-ground, between Squire Burton "brandishing his British horse-whip over Colonel Hauton" who, when "quailed," is rescued by Buckhurst, we have already given, and we trust we shall not trespass upon the patience of our readers in relating an exploit of the same hero Buckhurst, in retrieving a bishop from the horrors of indigestion.

' Fortune at this time threw into Buckhurst's hand unasked, unlooked for, and in the oddest way imaginable, a gift of no small value in itself, and an earnest of her future favors.

' At some high festival, Buckhurst was invited to dine with the bishop. Now Bishop Clay was a rubicund, full-blown, short-necked prelate, with the fear of apoplexy continually before him, except when dinner was on the table. And at this time, a dinner was on the table, rich with every dainty of the season that earth, air, and sea, could provide. Grace being first said by the chaplain, the bishop sat down "*richly to enjoy*." But it happened in the first onset, that a morsel too large for his lordship's capacious swallow, stuck in his throat. The bishop grew crimson,—purple, black in the face; the chaplain started up, and untied his neck-cloth. The guests crowded round, one offering water, another advising bread, another calling for a raw egg, another thumping his lordship on the back. Buckhurst Falconer ran for the bellows, and applying the muzzle directly to the prelate's ear, produced such a convulsion as expelled the pellet from the throat with a prodigious explosion, and sent it to a mighty distance. The bishop, recovering his breath and vital functions, sat up, restored to life, and dinner; he eat again, and drank to Mr. Buckhurst Falconer's health, with thanks for this good service to the church, to which he prophesied the reverend young gentleman would, in good time, prove an honor. And that he might be, in some measure, the means of accomplishing his own prophecy, Bishop Clay did, before he slept, which was immediately after dinner, present Mr. Buckhurst Falconer with a living worth £400 a year. A living

which had not fallen in to the bishop's gift above half a day, and which, as there were six worthy clergymen in waiting for it, would necessarily have been disposed of the next morning.

In describing the manners of fashionable life, Miss E. seems completely to possess the "*tact*." Miss Hutton and Lady Jane Granville are well-finished portraits of fashionable females, who have an intimate acquaintance with families who live as they please. The Marquis of Twickenham and the Duke of Greenwich seem designed for living characters; and we shrewdly suspect that many of the characters in this novel are not merely fictitious, but that they may be found, at this period, really in existence. The characters of Colonel and Miss Hutton particularly, appear to designate originals in modern life. Who are represented by the Marquis of Twickenham and the Duke of Greenwich, we do not pretend to say; but as far as probability may lead to conjecture, we think, in portraying Lord Oldborough, our authoress could have had no other person in view, than the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole; to whom, in various parts of the publication, there are many traits of resemblance: we select the following, from the 2d volume.

"Yes, Sir, said he, I certainly have, as you say, much business upon my hands.—But *that is not the difficulty*.—With hands and heads business is easily arranged and expedited.—I have hands and heads enough at my command. Talents of all sorts can be obtained *for their price*, but, that which is above all price, integrity, cannot. There is the difficulty—there is my difficulty. I have not a single man about me whom I can trust; many who understand my views, but none who feel them—*Des ames de boue et de fruge!*"

Unskilled in the vocabulary of fashion, we observe the enumeration of some few terms such as "*coming out*," applied to young ladies entering into life; "*at it*" from their cradles, &c. which are common to other novels. Miss E. coins wordstoo: the term "*loveable*," perhaps, is not to be found in Johnson, nor, we believe, in any other lexicographer; this, however, is perfectly intelligible; as well as others which Miss E. adds to our vocabularies.

The novel commences thus:

"How the wind is rising!" said Rosamond.—"God help the poor people at sea to night!"

"Her brother Godfrey smiled.—"One would think," said he, "that she had an argosy of lovers at sea, uninsured."

"You, gentlemen," replied Rosamond, "imagine that ladies are always thinking of lovers."

"Not always," said Godfrey, "only when they show themselves particularly disposed to humanity."

"My humanity, on the present occasion, cannot even be suspected," said Rosamond, "for you know, alas! that I have no lover at sea or land."

The dialogue proceeds, and the storm increases—

"Oh my dear father!" cried Rosamond—"did you see that light?—out at sea?—There! there! —to the left."

"To the east—I see it"—

"Hark! did you hear?"—

"Minute guns"—said Caroline.

There was a dead silence instantly.—Every body listened.—The signal of some vessel in distress. The sound seemed near the shore.—Mr. Percy and Godfrey hastened immediately to the coast.—Their servants and some people from their neighbouring village, whom they summoned, quickly followed. They found that a vessel had struck upon a rock, and from the redoubled signals, it appeared that the danger must be imminent.

The vessel is Dutch; all on board are rescued by Mr. Percy and his son Godfrey; and some of them lodged in the village, where they are hospitably entertained. Mr. Percy and his amiable family, receive the principal passengers at their mansion.

Amongst the shipwrecked guests is M. de Tourville; in whom frivolity and self-importance are admirably described.

A Frenchman, it will be allowed, can contrive to say more, and to tell more of his private history in a given time, than could be accomplished by a person of any other nation. In the few minutes before dinner he found means to inform the company, that he was private secretary, and favourite of the minister of a certain German coast. To account for his having taken his passage in a Dutch merchant vessel, and for his appearing without a suitable suite, he whispered that "he had been instructed to preserve a strict incognito, from which, indeed, nothing but the horrors of the preceding could have drawn him."

Dinner was served, and at dinner M. de Tourville was seen, according to the polished forms of society, humbling himself in all the hypocrisy of politeness. With ascetic good-breeding, preferring every creature's ease and convenience to his own, practising a continual system of self-denial, such as almost implied a total annihilation of self-interest and self-love. All this was strikingly contrasted with the selfishness which he had recently betrayed, when he was in personal danger. Yet notwithstanding these recollections were against him, the influence of polite manners prevailed so far as to make his former conduct be forgotten by most of the family.

An unexpected accident, however, suddenly deprived the company of this entertaining character; in looking over his papers to show Mr. Percy "a complimentary letter from some crowned head, M. de Tourville discovered that an important packet of papers, belonging to his dispatches, was missing." This, it appears was an irretrievable loss and occasioned his sudden departure from Percy Hall. Upon this simple accident (the loss of M. de Tourville's packet), the whole fabric of the novel is erected. Or, in the words of Rosamond Percy,—here was a fine beginning of a Romance.

[To be continued.]

ART. V.—*An Introduction to Perspective, adapted to the Capacities of Youth, in a Series of Pleasing and Familiar Dialogues between the Author's Children; accompanied with illustrative Plates, appropriate Diagrams, and a sufficiency of Practical Geometry. To which is added, a Compendium of Genuine Instruction in the Art of Drawing and Painting. The whole comprising a Body of Information adapted equally to the simplicity of Youth and to mental Maturity. By Mr. Hayter, portrait painter (in Miniature and Crayons), and teacher of the principal Elements of the Art. 8vo. pp. 168, London, 1813, price 10s. 6d.*

WE are glad to see the increase of elementary books in practical science; for, however disgusting the affectation of knowledge may be, we believe that many very passable smatterers would acquire some real acquaintance with what they talk about, if they knew how; and clear introductory treatises are good helps to imperfect understandings. Mr. Hayter's dialogues are well calculated to instruct those who have no knowledge of perspective, and his "genuine instruction in drawing and painting" is remarkably clear. This is a book which parents may teach their children by, and learn from, themselves, at the same time. Such a merit is no mean one; for, alas! many *living* teachers emit words which convey no ideas. Fourteen plates and a neat frontispiece illustrate the work.

ART. VI.—*Historical Sketches of the South of India, in an Attempt to trace the History of Mysoor, from the Origin of the Hindoo Government of that State, to the Extinction of the Mohammedan Dynasty, in 1799. Founded chiefly on Indian Authorities, collected by the Author, while officiating as Political Resident at the Court of Mysoor. By Lieut. Col. Mark Wilks. Vol. I. 4to. London: 1810. Longman and Co. pp. 550.*

AN anxious expectation on our part, that Colonel Wilks would before the present time have completed his work, by the addition of a second volume, has prevented us from hitherto noticing a publication, as unaffected in point of style, as stamped with all the marks of patient investigation, and faithful narrative. But as we fear, that the bad state of health, of which the Colonel complained three years since in his preface, may continue to retard the fulfilment of his promise, we have judged it more for the advantage of our readers, to lay before them some account of what has already been made public, than to postpone any longer our due notice of a meritorious historical work. Our opinion of this volume has thus been given in few, but, we trust, in strong terms. We proceed to lay open the intention, manner, and contents of it, as far as our necessary limits to any one subject will admit.

Colonel Wilks proposes in his first chapter to trace the events of the South of India from the earliest time up to the year 1564. But, as in a few pages he is about to confine himself more exclusively to the history of Mysoor, he conducts us to the fourteenth century at nearly one leap. We are by no means sorry that our author has, in this manner, relinquished a path that has been so much trodden by Robertson, Rennell, Vincent and others. The only source of inquiry, which has been instituted to any extent concerning ancient India, has attempted to draw forth its information from classical research. How incompetent such a research is to afford any tolerable series of facts, or any thing at all approaching to *legitimate history*, a very few words will show, which are also corroborated by the event of all such experiments. There is, however, one point, which such inquiries do establish beyond the possibility of controversy; we mean the simple position, that the knowledge of all Oriental antiquity

must be elicited from Oriental sources, if such shall ever be discovered.

It would require, we have observed, very few words to point out the insufficiency of Greek and Roman writers on the subject of India. Herodotus, our first informant after the sacred Hebrew writings, (which only generally establish the wealth of the East in very early ages), has but a meagre pittance to offer on the subject: and though Arrian, Strabo, Diodorus, Q. Curtius, and Pliny, do hold out a better promise, yet they contain nothing which can *strictly* be considered *historical*. Of these authors Arrian is doubtless entitled to the most attention, as he drew his information from memoirs composed by two of the officers of Alexander, who were probably (as Dr. Robertson judiciously supposes), men of science. But when we recollect that Alexander only occupied the country called the Panjab, in the north-west of India, and that even there his dominion was very limited, it will be easily seen that his officers could give but little account of India *generally*; none at all except from report respecting that *particular* part of it (the South) which is the more immediate object of our present attention. The final expulsion of the Greeks from India was placed by M. de Guignes at 160 years after the time of Seleucus, the successor of Alexander in India; that is, about 120 years before Christ; from which period there is every reason to suppose, that there existed no European settlement in India, until after the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. For although that bold adventurer Hippalus had set his sails across the Indian Ocean, in times as early as the middle of the first century, and landed on what we now term the Malabar coast, it does not appear, that the establishment of any European colony was the result of his successful navigation.

We find from Rennell, an author on whose conclusions much reliance must be placed, that there does not exist any historical account of India founded on Hindoo records, prior to the Mohammedan conquest, and that authentic history (if even then it can be dignified by such a title), does not commence before the year 1000. Some Persian manuscripts were, however, put into an English dress by Colonel Dow, about fifty years since, professing to throw some light on this long night of Oriental history, with what success we do not recollect; we presume that the fruit did not requite the labourer, or we should probably have seen succeeding writers on India have more frequent

recourse to this author. India, we know, as well as Europe, has had her dark ages, which in the former case are generally considered to have commenced about the era of Major Rennell, to which we have above referred; yet it appears as well from the work before us, as from others which have partially treated of similar times and country, that the system of lawless violence, and unprovoked invasion, which deluged India with blood during ages, and must of course have been altogether incompatible with the cultivation of the arts of civilization, had not absolutely a beginning contemporaneous with the Mahometan invasion, and caused by it; but that this last event was merely an introduction of some new actors on a stage, where the tragedy of rapacious and barbarous warfare had been for some time exhibited. Similar to these are the scenes, which are presented to the contemplation of the English reader, in the volume now before us. The history commencing, as it may be considered to do, from the above mentioned invasion, during the earlier periods that it embraces, represents a series of barbarous wars in as uniform a manner, and consequently as tiresome as would be the most regularly peaceable career that could be pictured for an Utopian commonwealth; but not without exciting the sensation of disgust in addition to that of tædium. This may be, and is an objection to the times described, not so to the narrator of them. We doubt indeed whether gratitude is not more justly due to that writer, who has expended years in researches of undoubted use in preserving the chain of universal history; which, however, from their nature, must have been a comparatively unamusing task to him the author, than to the historian who has had a fairer portion and æra of the human race for the subject of his labours, but has enjoyed the prior reward of a journey, entertaining from the pleasing variety of prospects it presented, before he sought the meed of public applause.

In the year 1028, Mahmud Gazni king of Bactria, having reduced Persia and a part of India, formed by his conquests the empire of Gazni; in 1158 this empire was divided: the western portion was seized and appropriated by the family of the Gaurides, who came from beyond the Indian Caucasus. This family continued to press forward on the heels of the former conquerors; in 1184 the Mohammedans had become the immediate neighbours of the Hindoos, and before the expiration of the same century had penetrated as far as Benares; in 1205, the Patan or

Afghan empire being a subdivision of the Gaznian was founded, and Delhi became the imperial residence. During the thirteenth century, while Jenghiz Khan was pursuing his conquests in a more westerly direction, the Moguls made their first irruption into Hindoostan, but at that period formed no permanent settlement there. It was about this time that the reigning Patan Emperor, whose dominions at this date must have extended nearly, if not quite, to the river Nerbuddah in the South, projected an invasion of the Deckan. We have now made good our ground up to the point, from whence our author sets out; and attending to the information he gives us, we learn, that the first Mohammedan army that ever crossed the Kistna*, was led against Dhoorsummooder, the capital of the Carnatic, in 1310; not above twenty years after the first entrance of the Mussulmen into the Deckan. This affair appears to have been rather a predatory excursion than regular invasion, as the final subjugation and destruction of this capital by the Mussulmen, is not set down before 1326: on which occasion, the seat of the declining government was removed to Toonoor, twelve miles N. of Seringapatam. The next success of the Mohammedans was the extinction of the dynasty of Warankul. It seems curious that this should not have been accomplished earlier; for by reference to maps, we find it situated considerably to the north of the Kistna, whereas Dhoorsummooder, which had been invaded ten years earlier, is twice as far south of that river. Would not this lead to the presumption, that this dynasty was overthrown by some other, and distinct horde of Mohammedan barbarians issuing directly from the north? But we profess no particular information on the subject, and are not encouraged in any such theory by our author. The destruction to the Warnankul dynasty led to the establishment of a more southernt Hindoo government,

* We are told by Col. W. that the Kistna is the southern, and the Nerbuddah the northern boundary of the *Deckan Proper*, (i. e.) according to the Indian application of this word in geography. Our author adds, 'for the convenience of distinguishing this tract from the more southern regions, this is the sense in which it is proposed to apply the term *Deckan* in this work. Whenever the "*South of India*" shall be mentioned, it is intended (unless otherwise explained) to describe the regions situated to the south of the river Kistna.'—C. i.

† To the south of the Kistna, but north of Seringapatam. The site of the capital will be found in most modern maps, under the name of Bishnagar.

under the name of Videyanugger ('the city of science') and afterwards, Vijeyanugger ('the city of victory.') This empire must be held in recollection by all who feel any interest in Indian history. The increase of it in arts and arms was rapid and glorious: the cause of this early prosperity is in great measure attributed by the Colonel to the inroads of the Moguls on the Patan kings of Delhi; which made self-defence a more serious object to them than conquest; and to the disunion of those more immediate enemies, the Mohammedans of the Deckan, who had weakened themselves by a separation into five independent principalities. It appears that the wealth which the Patan emperors had plundered from the south, only served them to buy off the Moguls from their northern frontier. Such policy, as must always be the case, proved ineffectual; and we find, in the words of Colonel Wilks, that the Moguls

'In 1306, preparatory to the invasion of Timour, established themselves to the south of the Indus; and finally, in 1498, in the fixed government of Delhi, under the celebrated Baber, the founder of the dynasty usually designated as the house of Timour; just three years after Vasco de Gama arrived on the coast of Malabar.'—P. 13.

To return to Vijeyanuggur, a combination of the Mohammedan princes of the Deckan, and a signal defeat received from them on the plain of Tellicotta, led to a general plunder of this capital by the victors in 1564. The dynasty was not indeed altogether subverted, but the government was so weak, as to be capable of exercising only a doubtful authority, as we shall soon see, over its own provinces; of which circumstance, the power exercised by the minor princes, who, in many instances assumed the title of Rajahs, is a full evidence. The government retired from one capital to another, until we read of its final extinction in 1646. Colonel Wilks takes the opportunity of this epoch to make a short retrograde movement, to acquaint us with the origin of the house of Mysoor: previous to which he indulges in some philosophical reflections, from which we extract the following:

'In adverting to the incessant revolutions of these countries, the mind which has been accustomed to consider the different frames of policy, which have existed in the world, as one of the most interesting objects of intellectual inquiry, will be forcibly struck with the observation, that no change in the form of principles of government was the consequence of foreign conquest, or successful rebellion; and that in the whole scheme of policy, whether of the victors or the vanquished, *the very idea*

of civil liberty has absolutely never entered into their contemplation, and is to this day without a name in the languages of Asia.'—C. i. p. 22.*

This reflection leads to some well written philosophical pages on the subject.

The romantic origin of the House of Mysoor, as our author terms it, shall also be given in his own words. We must premise that the tribe of Yedava, of which mention occurs in the following extract, is described to be a tribe of herdsmen and warriors:

'During the period that the dominion of Rajas of Vigeyan-nuggur extended really or nominally over the greater part of the south of India, (probably then about the middle of the 15th century,) two young men, of the tribe of Yedava, named Vigéya, and Kristna, departed from that court in search of a better establishment in the south. Their travels carried them to the little fort of Hadana, a few miles from the present situation of the town of Mysoor; and having alighted, as is usual, near to the border of a tank, they overheard some women of the Jungum sect, who had come for water, bewailing the fate of a young maiden of their tribe, who was about to be married to a person of inferior quality. The brothers entered into the circumstances of the case, desired the women to be comforted, and offered their services in defence of the damsel. She was the only daughter of the Wadeyar, (or lord of thirty-three villages,) who was afflicted with mental derangement; and in this unprotected state, the chief of Carroogully, a person of mean caste, had proposed to the family, the alternative of immediate war, or the peaceable possession of Hadana with this damsel, and to the latter proposition, they had given a forced and reluctant consent. The offer of the strangers was made known, and they were permitted to examine the means, which the family had of averting the impending danger. In conformity to their advice, no change was made in the preparations for the marriage feast: and while the chiefs of Carroogully were seated at the banquet in one apartment, and their attendants in another, the men of Hadana previously secreted for this purpose, headed by the two brothers, sprung forth upon their guests, and killed them, marched instantly to Carroogully, which they surprised, and returned in triumph to Hadana. The damsel became the bride of Vigéya, who changed his religion, (from a disciple of Vishnou, to one of the Jungum sect,) and became lord of Hadana and Carroogully.' c. 2. p. 33.

To deny the term 'romantic' to this curious and interest-

* In this our Author differs from the Dean of Westminster: who, in the observations on the Voyages of Nearchus p.p. 69, and 123, supposes the existence of some republican politics in the east. A.

ing tale, would not be fair: we must, however, of necessity confess, that the brother's conduct partook of other points of character besides; and the praise for romantic generosity is but very nearly balanced with the '*illud quod discere nolo.*' It is not our intention to follow up regularly the account of the princes who successively ruled over this small, but increasing community: much difficulty must have been incurred in collecting and arranging materials for the history of the state in its barbarous times; but the result would not be generally interesting to our readers. Our notices of it will be therefore occasional and not continuous.

In 1524, the dominions were divided, and one branch seated at Mysoor:* shortly after, as the family had become more powerful by conquest, we find them becoming dilatory in their payment of tribute to the Viceroy of the Vijayanuggur empire, resident at Seringapatam; which empire, it will be recollected, was at this time fully occupied in attempting to resist the Mohammedans of the Deckan. At length, in the year 1610, Seringapatam itself was subject to the house of Mysoor. The method by which this great acquisition was obtained, is, it seems, variously stated: so much so indeed, as to preclude the chance of unravelling the true tale with historical precision. Most of the manuscripts, which have been consulted, concur in describing the occupation as a peaceable one. Raj Wadeyar, who occupied the throne at this period, contributed in all surrounding quarters to the enlargement of his hereditary states; and the five succeeding princes who mounted the musnud of Mysoor, to each of whose reigns a separate list of conquests is appended by our author, though occupied by, and in some instances falling sacrifices to family feuds, proceeded in a systematic career of conquest. The last of these princes brings us to the epoch of 1677; here the colonel again turns round to take a retrospective view of the Deckan, and other countries to the south of the Kistna, of which no mention has been made, since the fatal battle of Tellicotta.

The capital of Vijayanuggur, after the capture of that city had been established at Penconda, where the Rajas obtained a temporary rest from the divisions among their Mohammedan neighbours; but the feebleness of their

* Mysoor, a name, Colonel Wilks informs us, contracted from Mahesh Asoor, or the buffalo-headed monster; originating from a superstition in Hindoo mythology, into which we have not space to enter here.

government was such, that it becomes of very minor importance in history : and for the sake of perspicuity we shall despatch it from our pages here, though earlier than its absolute demise.

In 1634, the celebrated Aurungzebe established a Mogul empire in the Deckan : every measure of this prince indicated his determination to subdue the Patan kingdoms of Vijeyapoor and Golconda, as a necessary preparative to the general subjugation of the south. These princes had arrived at that stage of civilization, in which gorgeous and awkward splendour covered the most gross political darkness, c. 3. p. 65. Notwithstanding, however, the imbecility of these princes, their final ruin was delayed by the employment of the Mogul arms in the reduction of Hindoostan (proper,)* (1656); but about forty years afterwards, their ancient and modern dominions were overwhelmed in one general ruin by the successful arms of the Emperor Aurungzebe.

It was in these times, that a Hindoo author prophesied first the desolation of southern India by all the calamities of barbarous war ; and secondly, the appearance of a person who should deliver the Hindoos from these oppressions by his conquests. Which latter prediction is understood by the Hindoos, to have been accomplished by the appearance of Sevagee, who was born in 1626, 7, or 8, which is not quite certain. There is an ambiguity in Colonel Wilks's account of this prediction, which we are at a loss to understand. In the first place, no precise era is given for the prophecy, and from our author's words, we are almost inclined to think, that the prophecy was a mere poetical flourish, and subsequent to the accomplishment of its own prediction. He writes thus, 'He (this Hindoo author), concluding a succinct chronological account of ancient kings, conveyed under the disguise of a prophecy, thus denounces evils which were to ensue, &c.' c. 3. p. 67. The only construction we can put upon these words, is, that this chronological work was disguised under the mask of prophecy. Besides, the Colonel having brought us down to the latter end of the seventeenth century, and stating, that it was in such times that this prediction or pseudo-prediction appeared, then places the birth of Sevagee nearly at the commencement of the same century :—but be this as it may, to this same Sevagee was owing the restora-

* Hindoostan proper, is north of the Nerbuddah.

tion of the Mahratta empire in the Deckan, which for more than three centuries had been subject to the dominion of its Mohammedan conquerors. The existence, the name, and almost the remembrance of a Mahratta government had fallen into oblivion: but a bond of union continued to exist, which time and conquest had not been able to dissolve; the religion of the vanquished was still different from that of the conquerors; but above all, the Mahratta language continued to be spoken over the whole extent of the ancient bounds of Maharashtra;* and described by an infallible criterion, who were to be the followers of a *heaven-inspired* Mahratta prince.'

The robber Sevajee, as he was termed by the European settlers of the time, began his bloody career as the captain of a banditti. In revenge, for the detention of his father, by a chief named Baajee Gorepora, he attacked, defeated, and put to death this chieftain, with three thousand of his followers, not even sparing the children in the womb. His character partook of most of what is terrible, contemptible, and detestible in human nature; but from Colonel Wilks's account of the Mahratta character generally, Sevajee's morals were no extraordinary deviation from the general ones in use among his countrymen; we cannot say of them, '*perfidia plus quam Punica*;' but, '*perfidia plus quam Humana*.'

But he was bold in conception, and strenuous in action, and had that enormous advantage of being universally believed by his followers to possess supernatural aid. In the expressive words of one of the Hindoo manuscripts, here quoted, his system of plunder was such, that 'he peel'd a country to the bones,' and so strongly had he worked upon the credulity of the Hindoos, that they believed he had the ability to give in all cases a certain direction to the treasures of every private family. Patans, Moguls, and even English trembled at his name, and allies as well as enemies were absorbed by his power. At this time, (1672) Chick Deo Raj, occupied the musnud of Mysore; the financial measures of his reign are made a subject of separate inquiry, as they seem fully to merit: among other institutions, we find the establishment of a post-office, which was either established as, or soon converted into, an

* By reference to the beginning of Colonel Wilks's work, the reader will see what these boundaries were. The Colonel having there attempted to ascertain some of the minor geographical limits by the prevalence of languages, &c.

instrument of absolute despotism. The arms of Savajee, who died in 1680, were too much occupied by other enemies to attend to the politic and successful course which the Rajah of Mysoor was steering: circumstances also concurred to place the House of Mysoor in a sort of alliance with the Mogul empire of Aurungzebe, whose immediate object of ambition at this time was the destruction of the new Mahratta empire that had risen under Sevajee. It was also the policy of the Mysoor Raja to employ presents as well as promises in the defence of his dominions, which he not only increased, but found leisure to attend to the internal state of his country beyond any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and to introduce a very curious change into the condition of the landholders of Mysoor. This latter circumstance has led our author to enter at a very considerable length into the question of proprietary right. He proceeds therefore to discuss the nature, and as far as possible to trace the history of the landed property of India in a separate chapter; but as it is wholly impossible for us to follow him into this curious disquisition, we must be content with observing that the chapter is characterized throughout by industry of research, fairness of statement, and perspicuity of reasoning.

Chick Deo Raj, died on the 12th of December, 1704. His demise must have been nearly contemporary with that of Aurungzebe, although no precise date is given for the death of the Mogul emperor. The immediate successors of the deceased Raja are unworthy of our notice. Of these, Canty Reva Raj, the first in succession, was born deaf and dumb; he appears nevertheless to have reigned till 1714, when he died a natural death, and was succeeded by his son. With this son, who was a fool, and a sensualist, the regular line of princes ended in 1731. It appears that some have considered Cham Raj, elected in 1731, to the vacant musnad, to have been lineal heir, an idea which our author rejects. At all events, any pretence to regular succession closed in his person, as the election of an infant from a younger branch extinguishes all pretext to regular descent in the new monarch, Chick Kishen Raj. In this reign the reputed treasures of Seringapatam excited the ambition and cupidity of the Nabob of Arcot, who was, however, defeated in his attempts with great loss. In the year 1748, during this same reign, an expedition was undertaken against the Poligars of Darapoor, by Nunjeraj, which succeeded; in consequence of which success, Nunjeraj married his

daughter to the reigning Raja. In 1749, this same general undertook the siege of Deonhully, which had never yet been under the power of the Mysoor House. It was in this obscure service, that a man appeared as an unknown volunteer, who was predestined in fortune's lottery to wield the sceptre of a great empire, and as our author expresses himself, 'to threaten with no ideal terrors the extinction of the British power in India.' In these days, when so many of the European thrones are filled by lucky adventurers, the history of such a man as Hyder Ali Khan, one of their fraternity, inferior to none, and superior to most of them in energy of character, will be doubly interesting, from the opportunities of comparison which it presents. Our author says, that his is the first statement of tolerable accuracy that has come before the public; it is chiefly extracted, he adds, from a written memoir, prepared by the religious officers at the mosque and tomb of Futti Mohammed, the father of Hyder, and checked by a variety of records and oral information.

We shall dismiss the genealogy of this extraordinary man, observing only, that his father was an orphan brought up on charity, but having been placed in an inferior military capacity, had by success and regular progression become a person of considerable eminence at the time of his death. Notwithstanding this, we find that Hyder entered into life under every disadvantage, which poverty and want of interest could produce; his mother after the death of her husband, having been plundered of the family property, and permitted to depart 'after the loss of every thing but her children and her honour.' Hyder was twenty-seven years of age at the siege of Deonhully, and not regularly in the service. Neither at this time, nor afterwards, could he read or write. In the inconsistency of his character, and in that solely, he bore a nearer resemblance, perhaps, to Potemkin than to any other person on record in modern history. 'He would frequently absent himself for weeks together, secretly immersed in voluptuous riot, or passing with facility, as was the habit of his whole life, to the opposite extreme of abstinence and excessive exertion.' His conduct at the siege just mentioned, procured him the favour of the general, and as a substantial mark of it, the command of fifty horse and two hundred infantry. The government of Mysoor having for some years previously become a party in a war on the Coromandel side, an army of five thousand horse and ten thousand peons were at this juncture sent into the Deckan: Hyder had the good

fortune to be included in this expedition. Colonel Wilks stops here to take a retrospective view of the circumstances which led to the wars carrying on at this period (1749) in this part of India. Too great a variety of interest were engaged to render it possible for us to develop them; they will pay the reader for the perusal, as they exhibit the first diplomatic collision, here recorded, between the English and French on the Indian peninsula. Mr. Duplix, a diplomatist almost without an equal in the refinements of political intrigue, was attempting to raise a fabric, which, had it succeeded, would infallibly have put an end to British power in India; nor was there for a considerable time any English agent capable of fighting this man with his own weapon, until the arrival of Mr. Saunders, a man, to whom our author gives credit for talents equal to the difficult game he was called upon to play. It will be sufficient for our present purpose, if without following the historian in his retrospect, we simply state on which side the two European powers became partisans. Nasir Jung and Chunda Saheb were the chieftains of the contending parties, the territory of Arcot and Trinchinopoly were the more immediate objects of contention. The English supported the party of Nasir Jung, on which side also Hyder was engaged, together with some auxiliary forces from Mysoor. The French that of Chunda Saheb. Just at the period, where we now are arrived (1750), the party of Nasir Jung received a signal defeat, in which that general himself fell by treachery. Hyder was more intent on promoting his individual interest than that of the party to which he was attached; the scenes in which he was engaged were peculiarly favourable to private plunder, nor did he lose the opportunity, as will appear from the following extract.

Hyder had already prepared the means of availing himself of such an opportunity by keeping in pay a body of three hundred select Beder peons, who may well be characterized as brave and faithful thieves. In the ordinary circumstances of a campaign, they more than realized the charges of their establishment by a variety of plunder and simple theft, from friends, whenever the enemy did not offer convenient means: during the confusion of this day, they mixed with the crowd near the treasure of Nasir Jung, which as usual, the treasurer had begun to load on the first alarm; and these expert marauders, exclusively of minor thefts, separated from the crowd two camels laden with golden coins, and before the confusion had ceased, were clear of all the outposts, and well advanced on their route towards Deonhully, (Hyder's fixed home and station) whither during this service

about three hundred horses, and five hundred musquets occasionally picked up upon the field, or stolen in the quiet of the night had also been conveyed.'—c. 7, p. 270.

After the death of Nasir Jung, in the manner above related, the insurgents in his army who had treacherously murdered him, joined the French side; but Mohammed Ali persisted in his own pretensions, and fled to Trinchinopoly. The English supported this side as before, and shortly after the whole power of Mysoor was thrown into the same scale, including Hyder, by a treaty formed between Mohammed Ali, and Nunjeraj, nominally minister, but in fact absolute governor of Mysoor; a man of no military talents whatever, but fortified with much steadiness of character and presence of mind. Hyder, by means of the wealth he had acquired in the last campaign, was become a person of far greater consequence in this; he had had his recruits drilled by some French sepoy deserters, and was in high favour with Nunjeraj. Early in the campaign Mohammed Ali, and his English allies, not considering themselves strong enough to keep the field (the treaty with Mysoor was not yet concluded), had retired within the walls of Trinchinopoly, and were there besieged. Mr. Clive, of whom our author says in the warmth of generous and merited admiration, 'he was born, if ever man was born, a soldier and a statesman,' offered to create a diversion in favour of Trinchinopoly, by a direct attack on the capital with a force of only two hundred Europeans, and three hundred native infantry. The success he met with in this diversion was so singularly acquired as to deserve remembrance.

'In this he succeeded without the necessity of executing the daring enterprize in his contemplation, by one of those accidents, which, outstripping the ordinary routine of Indian superstition, induced eleven hundred men to evacuate the fort of Arcot without firing a shot; because while consulting the astrologers regarding the aspect of the celestial bodies, a report was brought that the enemy, careless of the thunder of heaven and the fury of the elements, was marching through a dreadful storm direct to his object.'—p. 275.

Captain Clive succeeded in his object of relieving Trinchinopoly, and the cause was about the same time strengthened by the accession of the Mysorean forces under Nunjeraj. A laughable instance of the folly of this General occurs, who wishing to perform a *secret* march by night to avoid a French division, performed it *guided by the light of innumerable torches*. Fortunately he was not attacked on the occasion. Major Lawrence, having about this time arrived from England, assumed the command of

the English forces: and Captain Clive marched under his orders to Trinchinopoly. A Mr. Law commanded the French, and Chunda Saheb his own troops before that place: but their plans were so bad, or combinations so imperfect, that they allowed Major Lawrence to have full communication with the town; and afterwards abandoning their posts, assumed a merely defensive position on the island of Seringham opposite to Trinchinopoly. In this situation they were weakened by desertion, and at length compelled to capitulate for want of provisions! Chunda Saheb foolishly entrusted himself to his enemies of his own country, instead of seeking British protection, and soon fell a victim to his temerity. No sooner was the war to all appearance settled, and the English released from its toils, than a system of perfidy, almost too disgraceful to be credited by those who have not read the transactions of Hindoos among themselves, was unfolded between Mohammed Ali and Nunjeraj, the two contending parties in the alliance above recorded. A quarrel between these two allies was the unavoidable result, and it is somewhat a degradation to learn, that, by the force of circumstances, the English became the confederates of Mohammed Ali, so unblushing a scoundrel, that when pressed by Major Lawrence, he owned, that he had confirmed with a religious oath the instrument of his alliance with Mysoor, without *ever having intended* to perform the stipulations. By these events Nunjeraj and Hyder became the enemies of the English, instead of their confederates. The English were so far ashamed of their present ally, that they wrote to the Rajah of Myscor, that 'they were only merchants, allies to the Circar, not principals.' But the machinations of Nunjeraj against the English soon furnished them, says our author, 'with arguments to obscure, or elude, the original question, by retorting the complaint of greater and more recent injuries.' We cannot but remark that the consciences, which would satisfy themselves by the plea of *more recent* injuries, must have been made of more elastic materials, than are always to be met with among our nation.

It would be neither a very grateful task to ourselves, nor very entertaining to our readers, to pursue an account of our Indian wars at this period, for although they increase in importance and interest every year that we advance, and were the means of developing the characters of men, who will always be considered as an honour to this island that gave them birth; it is our duty to recollect, that the

transactions in which they were engaged may be read in other pages besides those of our author, or our own; and indeed there are none, who would take any deep interest in the subject, who have not, probably, already consulted the deservedly admired history of Mr. Orme, on this very period of Indian annals. But as it has been our author's studied aim to pursue the history of Mysoor, and as in a very short time from the period of which we have been treating, we are to see that fortunate adventurer, Hyder, the ruler and mainspring of that state, we should be guilty of no inconsiderable neglect in the view we have proposed to give of Colonel Wilks's volume, did we not trace the career of this singular man as far, at least, as his attainment of that elevation. Beyond this, we shall not consider it necessary to go; for from that time his actions are so much interwoven with those of European powers in India, that they may be known from more sources than one. During his progress to that pitch of power, we have the authority of our author to say, that they have never before been accurately made known; nor is it probable, that they should have been detailed in the same manner by any writer, as by one, whose subject has more peculiarly led to consider the individual politics of the states of the Indian peninsula.

We left Hyder in close alliance with Nunjeraj, against Mohammed Ali, aided by the English. The first service in which we find him engaged, displays him in the same light of a shameless, but adventurous and successful freebooter, in which he has been already presented to us. Near Trinchinopoly, it happened that Hyder and a chieftain, named Herri Sing, who was not only the rival, but also the personal enemy of Hyder, were posted to observe a convoy of supplies and intercept them. It happened, that before any regular attack had commenced, the horse of Hyder's brother, becoming unmanageable, ran off at full speed with its rider towards the enemy; Herri Sing, seeing this through an opening in a wood where he was posted, concluded that this leader was followed by his troops, and himself also gave the word, and charged. The shout, which accompanied this movement, caused all the troops to move as at one impulse: and the English, who were marching in platoons with their convoy, were cut down before they could make a second discharge. At the end of the action, Hyder was found together with his Peons in possession of the guns and tumbrils, which he claimed as his own right, though the success of the day

expedition, remaining with a comparatively small army encamped under the walls of Seringapatam. At this juncture a plot was concerted by Kundè Row, the Rajah, and the mother of the latter, by which a Mahratta force of superior strength was to be brought to act on Hyder without, while the guns of the city played upon him on the other side. The Mahratta force did not arrive at the stipulated time, and a negociation was accordingly attempted by Hyder, after the city gates had been closed upon him, and the guns fired upon his troops. These attempts, as may be supposed, were vain. Personal safety was now Hyder's immediate object, which he insured. The manner of his escape will be best seen by the following quotation :

‘He made a distribution of as much money and jewels as could be conveyed among a hundred horsemen, six officers, and two camel hircarras, all men of tried fidelity; and embarked immediately after the close of the day, swimming over the camels and horses, and loading them on the opposite bank with the proportion of treasure allotted to each; above twenty spare horses accompanied for the purpose of replacing those which should drop from fatigue; and, thus equipped, Hyder, leaving to their fate the whole of his family, and all his infantry fled with all possible speed from the capital, and long before the arrival of the Mahrattas on the following morning, he was far beyond the reach of pursuit.’—C. xi. p. 419.

Kundè Row treated the family with kindness. Among them was Tippoo Saheb, then nine years old. There is even a supposition that Kundè connived at the personal escape of Hyder, being unwilling to destroy one with whom he had been on such an intimate footing. The whole character of Kundè runs counter to such a presumption; but Colonel Wilks is inclined to credit it, from the circumstance of the pass of the river having been left open, and without a guard; a point which it is altogether impossible could have escaped the notice of Kundè himself. Hyder's route was to the N. E. and his first place of rest Anicul, forty horses out of the original number having failed on the road. From Anicul he got to his own possession of Bangalore in the evening, having performed on horseback a journey of ninety-eight miles in twenty hours; the first seventy-five on the same horse.

Hyder's fertility of resource did not fail him in his present apparently desperate fortunes. He had a small army under Mukhdoom Ali, who had been despatched to Pondicherry during Hyder's more fortunate days. This

force was so detached from him, that it never could have joined him but by negotiation with those against whom it was acting. This, however, was accomplished with no very great sacrifices; and on the very day on which Mukhdoom Ali joined him, Hyder once more pitched his camp in the field. He had not been inactive at Bangalore in raising loans, and procuring the assistance of petty chieftains round him. Kundè Row had likewise taken the field, and as the Mysorean army had many detachments absent on more distant service, his army was not much superior to that of Hyder. Either of them indeed seem an insignificant handful of men, to contend for the possession of an empire. The campaign began with a variety of skirmishes; at length, in February, (1761), a decisive action was fought, in which Hyder was defeated with very heavy loss, but succeeded in making good a retreat with the remnant of his army.

The next step taken by Hyder, is of so bold and confident a cast, that with the exception of the unexpected visit of Charles XII, to the much-injured Elector of Saxony, it has scarcely a parallel in history. After the battle, with a body of horse, he made a circuitous route by night, and early on the next morning, unarmed, and alone, he appeared as a suppliant at the door of Nunjeraj at Cunnor. He was admitted to the presence of the man whom he had so deeply and cruelly injured; and falling at his feet, with the affectation of deep contrition, he attributed all his misfortunes to his ingratitude to the fallen minister; at the same time, he intreated him to resume the direction of public affairs, and take his old servant again under his protection. Nunjeraj was altogether deceived; and with his troops, which in his retirement he had found means to raise to about four thousand men, he joined Hyder, and appointed him his Commander-in-chief. Kundè Row, however, pressed him so hard, that it was only by his fertility in stratagem, that he saved himself. At length, however, by means of forged letters, and pretended plots, having induced Kundè Row to fly from his army, he fell upon them while in a state of confusion, gained a complete victory, capturing all their infantry, guns, stores, and baggage. Kundè Row, was if possible, more unsuccessful in another action, where he was surprised in his camp, and lost every thing but his personal liberty. Hyder now sate down in form before Seringapatam to dictate terms of capitulation to his enemies. His first demand was for the person of Kundè Row, whom

he claimed as his own servant, from whom large pecuniary balances were owing to him : adding, however, that after the settlement of these arrears, if the Rajah did not wish to continue him in his service, he should depart, and seek his fortune elsewhere. The Rajah was surrounded by men of weak capacities, who, in the fulness of their fears at seeing the conqueror so near, advised him to propose the following arrangement, which, as it completes the usurpation of Mysoor by Hyder, we will quote at length. The proposals were,

' 1. That districts to the amount of three lacs should be reserved for the Rajah's personal expences, and one lac for Nunjeraj. 2. That Hyder should assume the management of the remainder of the country, and defray the arrears to the army, &c. 3. That Kundè Row should be given up to him. This heavy load of care and responsibility was of course most reluctantly, but dutifully undertaken, and Hyder waited on the Rajah with all the forms of mock respect ; and from this moment his usurpation was complete. The solemn, affecting, and well-acted interview with Nunjeraj, was consigned to convenient oblivion, or revived in ridiculous forms, for the amusement of his convivial hours ; and that weak and credulous man, after the first impressions had subsided, seemed scarcely to have expected any other result. Kundè Row was given up, and confined ; and his official servants as well as himself, plundered to the utmost extent of their means. Before it had been determined that Kundè Row should be surrendered, a joint message was sent to Hyder from the Rajah ; and the ladies of the palace, praying for mercy towards that unfortunate man, as preliminary to negotiation. Hyder replied, that Kundè Row was his old servant, and that he would not only spare his life, but cherish him like a paeroquet (a term of endearment common in conversing with women, as that bird was a favourite pet). When he was afterwards admonished of his severity to Kundè Row, he ironically replied, that he had exactly kept his word ; and that they were at liberty to inspect his *iron cage*, and the rice and milk allotted for his food ; for such was the fate to which he had doomed Kundè Row for the remainder of his life.' C. xi.—p. 434.

At this point of his career, we must take leave of this extraordinary man, and also of the affairs of Mysoor. They are carried down indeed to rather a later period in this volume ; but the present appeared a very proper epoch to pause. Nor is it our intention to offer any reflections suggested by the strange scene which we have been just contemplating. Many have arisen, and will arise to every reader ; we leave our readers individually to specu-

late and reflect for themselves. We have now completed our purpose of giving as clear a view, as our limits would allow, of the earlier times of India, of the progress of the Mohammedan arms, the rise, increase, and influence of the house of Mysoor, and an account of the life of Hyder Ali Khan, as far as it is connected with that state, which he afterwards governed; and the history of which forms the most prominent feature of our author's labours. The fifth chapter, into the contents of which we cannot enter, will afford matter of very serious thought to all who are connected with the government of India. Different persons so engaged, have already held different sentiments on the justice of the rules that the English have laid down at Madras, respecting the proprietary right to the land. They will find the whole matter amply, fairly, and clearly discussed in the chapter in question. Should Colonel Wilks conclude his history, which we anxiously hope that he will, we will not fail to examine his second volume; premising, that as the occurrences it relates must be in great measure those which are partially known already, we should do so much more briefly than we have been enabled to do in this instance. Our opinion on the general merits of the work was given at the commencement of the article.

ART. VII.—*Germany. By the Baroness Staël Holstein. Translated from the French. In Three Volumes 8vo. London: Murray, 1813. Price £1. 16s.*

THE authoress of these volumes has long held a distinguished rank in the republic of letters; her writings are in general marked by a sound and penetrating judgment, nice discrimination, and an inflexible adherence to the principles of liberty and justice. She is not apt to view things with a superficial eye, nor to found her opinions upon the mere report or information of others; she judges for herself, and, aided by strong intellectual powers, her decisions are not easily controvertible. It is, however, most difficult, in forming an estimate of men and things, to divest ourselves wholly of those prejudices, which adhere even to the most liberal minds, and which imperceptibly warp the judgment. We have detected a few of these prejudices, peeping through the sentiments contained in these volumes, and by which the author has derived a perverted notion of things. She acknowledges that, next

to the English, the Germans, as a people, are the objects of her admiration; and we consequently notice many instances in which their faults are palliated and softened in a most particular degree. The German character is, however, one of great diversity. The Austrian differs from the Bavarian, the Bavarian from the Franconian, and the Saxon is in particular distinguished from all the others; and we shall examine most minutely how far Madame de Staël has traced those nice distinctions, which a long residence in different parts of Germany has enabled us to ascertain.

This work is divided into four sections; the first treats of Germany, and the manners of the Germans; the second of literature, and the arts; the third of philosophy, and morals; the fourth of religion and enthusiasm.

The aspect of Germany is treated in a very brief and inadequate manner, for the authoress appears anxious to hasten to a subject which is more congenial to her taste, namely, the development of character. In regard to the mere manners of the Germans, a very short residence amongst them is sufficient to obtain a complete knowledge of them, and M. de Staël has portrayed them with a faithful pencil. It is, however, in her delineation of the intellectual character of the Germans, that her sketches are the most faulty. She says, that it is imagination more than intellect that characterises the Germans; we could refute this opinion from many passages in her own works, but we are convinced that they who are conversant with the writings of the German literati, will allow that they are marked by profundity of intellect, and that it is the absence of imagination which renders them so unpalatable to a foreign taste. The Germans may with justice be denominated a metaphysical nation; all their writings are imbued with a cast of deep and profound thinking, even their poems and novels are not exempt from this charge. The play of fancy and the flights of the imagination are checked, to give way to the sober and heavy step of metaphysical reasoning, and the immortality of the soul, and the doctrines of liberty and necessity are canvassed in the same chapter as the declaration of love, or the preparation for a dinner. We need only, in corroboration of the justness of this opinion, appeal to the Lucinde of Schlegel, the Hesperus of Richter, the Woldemar of Voss, and the works of Wieland and Goëthe. Were the Germans to give greater scope to the imagination, and emancipate themselves from the cumbersome trammels of metaphy-

sics, their literature would rise in the estimation of Europe, and it would recover from that degradation under which it at present labours in England. We shall have occasion, however, to enter more fully on this subject under the section of Literature and the fine Arts.

In the delineation of the character of the German women, M. de Staël is lamentably deficient. She has indeed given to us the *sentimentality* of their character, but we look in vain for those broad traits by which national manners are to be distinguished. It is not from the higher classes that the general character of a people can be drawn. Who, for instance, would draw the character of the English in general from that of the higher ranks? The education of women has a particular influence on the amelioration of society, but we know of no civilized country in which the female character is more degraded than in some parts of Germany. M. de Staël has favoured us with the description of German women, as they may be found seated in their drawing-rooms; but has she descended to the cottage of the labourer, to picture to us the German character in its unsophisticated state? She would there have seen it placed on a level with the beasts of labour. If she had even visited the fields of the farmer, she would have seen the females performing the most laborious operations, whilst the men overlooked them; the woman carries the burthen on her back, at the same time that she suckles the infant at her breast. The German woman, so far from not being accustomed to meet with her superiors among men, as M. de Staël affirms, is accustomed to behold in every man her lord; and it is this habitual degradation to which she is subject, which deadens her apprehension, and renders her unfit for the charms of general conversation. The German women are the most docile wives in the world, for they are taught subjection from their earlier years, and a perfect acquiescence in the will of their husbands. They have not yet introduced among them the English system of separate establishments, and therefore the German wives consider the duties of their household as most imperative and binding, and regard their own home as the most proper place in which their husbands can find them.

In treating of Austria, we are surprised that M. de Staël has omitted to notice a practice of the Austrian government, which is detrimental to the interests of literature, and which, we trust, will soon be abolished; we allude to the licences which are granted to two or three individuals,

of reprinting whatever works appear in Germany. Thus the liberal bookseller, who has paid a handsome price for a manuscript, and expended considerable sums in the publication, is immediately injured by the appearance of a cheaper edition from the licensed press of a *Nachdrucker*. For this licence he pays about 3000 florins. There are but two licensed *Nachdrucker*s at present in Germany.

Speaking of the spirit of conversation amongst the Germans, we perfectly coincide in the following sentiments :

‘That sort of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation does not precisely depend on the nature of that conversation ; the ideas and knowledge which it develops do not form its principal interest ; it is a certain manner of acting upon one another, of giving mutual and instantaneous delight, of speaking the moment one thinks of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment, of receiving applause without labour, of displaying the understanding in all its shades by accent, gesture, look ; of eliciting, in short, at will, the electric sparks which relieve many by the very excess of their vivacity, and serve to awaken others out of a state of painful apathy.

‘Nothing is more foreign to this talent than the character and disposition of the German intellect ; they require in all things a serious result. Bacon has said, that *conversation is not the road leading to the house, but a bye path where people walk with pleasure*. The Germans give the necessary time to all things, but what is necessary to conversation is amusement ; if men pass this line, they fall into discussion, into serious argument, which is rather an useful occupation than an agreeable art. It must also be confessed that the taste for society, and the intoxication of mind which it produces, render them singularly incapable of application and study, and that the virtues of the Germans depend perhaps in some respects upon the very absence of this spirit.

‘The ancient forms of politeness, still in full force almost all over Germany, are contrary to the ease and familiarity of conversation ; the most inconsiderable titles, which are yet the longest to be pronounced, are there bestowed and repeated twenty times at the same meal ; every dish, every glass of wine, must be offered with a sedulity and a pressing manner, which is mortally tedious to foreigners. There is a sort of goodness at the bottom of all these usages ; but they could not subsist for an instant in a country where pleasantry may be risked without offence to susceptibility ; and yet where can be grace and the charm of society, if it forbids that gentle ridicule which diverts the mind, and adds even to the charm of good-nature an agreeable mode of expression ? The course of ideas for the last century has been entirely directed by conversation. They

thought for the purpose of speaking, and spoke for the purpose of being applauded, and whatever could not be said seemed to be somewhat superfluous in the soul. The desire of pleasing is a very agreeable disposition; yet it differs much from the necessity of being beloved; the desire of pleasing renders us dependant on opinion, the necessity of being beloved sets us free from it; we may desire to please even those whom we would injure, and this is exactly what is called coquetry; this coquetry does not appertain exclusively to the women, there is enough of it in all forms of behaviour adopted to testify more affection than is really felt. The integrity of the Germans permits to them nothing of this sort; they construe grace literally, they consider the charm of expression as an engagement for conduct, and thence proceeds their susceptibility; for they never hear a word without drawing a consequence from it, and do not conceive that speech can be treated as a liberal art, which has no other end or consequence than the pleasure which men find in it. The spirit of conversation is sometimes attended with the inconvenience of impairing the sincerity of character; it is not a combined, but an unpremeditated deception. The French have admitted into it a gaiety which renders them amiable, but it is not the less certain, that all that is most sacred in this world has been shaken to its centre by grace, at least by that sort of grace that attaches importance to nothing, and turns all things into ridicule.'

We do not agree with M. de Staël, when she says, "that German literature is much better known in England than in France." On what grounds does she found this opinion? The best German authors are only known by name in England, whereas their works have long since graced the libraries of the literati of France. At one time indeed, German literature was the rage in England, and every tyro in the language immediately applied himself to translation, without judgment to direct him in the choice of his work. The most vapid and salacious works were unfortunately chosen, and the public taste became in time satiated and disgusted. The moral works of Garve and Gellert were neglected, whilst the *Stella* of Goëthe, and the abortions of the brain of Kotzebue, were circulated to the utter subversion of the fundamental pillars of morality and virtue. There is, however, great truth and sense in the following remarks:

'The minds of the people of England are not formed by a taste for society, by the pleasure and interest excited by conversation. Business, the parliament, the administration, fill all heads; and political interests are the principal objects of their meditations. The English wish to discover consequences immediately applicable to every subject, and from thence arises

their dislike of a philosophy, which has for its object the beautiful, rather than the useful.

'The English, it is true, do not separate dignity from utility, and they are always ready, when it is necessary, to sacrifice the useful to the honourable; but they are not of those, who, as it is said in Hamlet, "with the incorporal air do hold discourse," a sort of conversation of which the Germans are very fond. The philosophy of the English is directed towards results beneficial to the cause of humanity: the Germans pursue truth for its own sake, without thinking on the advantages which man may derive from it. The nature of their different governments having offered them no great or splendid opportunity of attaining glory, or of serving their country, they attach themselves to contemplation of every kind; and to indulge it, seek in heaven that space which their limited destiny denies to them on earth. They take pleasure in the ideal, because there is nothing in the actual state of things which speaks to their imagination. The English, with reason, pride themselves in all they possess, in all they are, and in all that they may become; they place their administration and love on their laws, their manners, and their forms of worship. These noble sentiments give to the soul more strength and energy; but thought, perhaps, takes a bolder flight, when it has neither limit nor determinate aim; and when incessantly connecting itself with the immense and the infinite, no interest brings it back to the affairs of this world.

'Whenever an idea is consolidated, or in other words, when it is changed into effect, nothing can be better than to examine attentively its consequences and conclusions, and then to circumscribe and fix them: but when it is merely in theory, it should be considered in itself alone. Neither practice nor utility are the objects of inquiry; and the pursuit of truth in philosophy, like imagination in poetry, should be free from all restraint.

'The Germans are to the human mind what pioneers are to an army; they try new roads, they attempt unknown means: how can we avoid being curious to know what they say on their return from their excursions into infinity? The English, who have so much originality of character, have nevertheless generally a dread of new systems. Justness of thought has been so beneficial to them in the affairs of life, that they like to discover it even in intellectual studies; and yet it is in these that boldness is inseparable from genius. Genius, provided it respect religion and morality, should be free to take any flight it chooses: it aggrandizes the empire of thought. Literature, in Germany, is so impressed with the reigning philosophy, that the repugnance felt for the one will influence the judgment we form of the other. The English have however, for some time, translated the German poets with pleasure, and do not fail to perceive that analogy which ought to result from one common

origin. There is more sensibility in the English poetry, and more imagination in that of Germany. Domestic affections holding great sway over the hearts of the English, their poetry is impressed with the delicacy and solidity of those affections: the Germans, more independent in all things because they are less free, paint sentiments as well as ideas through a cloud: it might be said that the universe vacillates before their eyes; and even by the uncertainty of their sight, those objects are multiplied which their talent renders useful to its own purposes.

‘The principle of terror, which is employed as one of the great means in German poetry, has less ascendancy over the imagination of the English in our days. They describe nature with enthusiasm, but it no longer acts as a formidable power which encloses phantoms and presages within its breast; and holds in modern times the place held by destiny among the ancients. Imagination in England is almost always inspired by sensibility; the imagination of the Germans is sometimes rude and wild: the religion of England is more austere, that of Germany more vague: and the poetry of the two nations must necessarily bear the impression of their religious sentiments. In England, conformity to rule does not reign in the arts, as it does in France; nevertheless, public opinion holds a greater sway there than in Germany. National unity is the cause of it. The English wish in all things to make principles and actions accord with each other. Theirs is a wise and well regulated nation, which comprises glory in wisdom, and liberty in order: the Germans, with whom these are only subjects of reverie, have examined ideas independent of their application, and have thus attained a higher elevation in theory.’

We cannot refrain transcribing the character which M. de Staël gives of Schiller, the German Shakspeare, it will be perused with pleasure by the admirers of his genius; and they will rejoice, that so warm a tribute has been paid to his memory by one of the most enlightened females of the age.

‘Schiller was the best of friends, the best of fathers, the best of husbands; no quality was wanting to complete that gentle and peaceful character which was animated by the fire of genius alone: the love of liberty, respect for the female sex, enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, inspired his mind; and in the analysis of his works it would be easy to point out to what particular virtue we owe the various productions of his masterly pen. It has been said that genius is all-sufficient. I believe it, where knowledge and skill preside; but when we seek to paint the storms of human nature, or fathom it in its unsearchable depths, the powers even of imagination fail; we must possess a soul that has felt the agitation of the tempest, but into which the Divine Spirit has descended to restore its serenity.

‘ I saw Schiller, for the first time, in the saloon of the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, in the presence of a society as enlightened as it was honourable. He read French very well, but he had never spoken it. I maintained with some warmth the superiority of our dramatic system over that of all others ; he did not refuse to enter the lists with me, and without feeling any uneasiness from the difficulty and slowness with which he expressed himself in French, without dreading the opinion of his audience which was all against him, his conviction of being right impelled him to speak. In order to refute him, I at first made use of French arms, vivacity and pleasantry ; but in what Schiller said, I soon discovered so many ideas through the impediment of his words ; I was so struck with that simplicity of character which led a man of genius to engage himself thus in a contest where speech was wanting to express his thoughts ; I found him so modest and so indifferent as to what concerned his own success, so proud and so animated in the defence of what appeared to him to be truth, that I vowed to him from that moment a friendship replete with admiration.

‘ Attacked, while yet young, by a hopeless disease, the sufferings of his last moments were softened by the attention of his children and of a wife who deserved his affection by a thousand endearing qualities. Madame de Wollzogen, a friend worthy of comprehending his meaning, asked him, a few hours before his death, how he felt himself ? “ Still more and more easy,” was his reply ; and, indeed, had he not reason to place his trust in that God whose dominion on earth he had endeavoured to promote ? Was he not approaching to the abode of the just ? Is he not at this moment in the society of those who resemble him ? and has he not already rejoined the friends, who are also expecting our arrival in the seats of blessedness ?

The first chapter in the second volume treats of the dramatic art, and a comparison is drawn between the English, French, and German theatres ; but setting aside all national prejudices, what Englishman will coincide with the Baroness in the following sentiment ? ‘ It cannot, I think, be denied, that the French are the most expert nation in the world in the combination of theatrical effects ; they bear away the prize from all others, likewise, in the dignity of situations and of tragic style.’ We grant that the tragedies of the Germans are in general of a sombre and heavy cast, in which however is displayed a greater knowledge of mankind, and which is one of the great essentials of the dramatic writer. Passion predominates in the French, reason in the German, but there cannot be a greater absurdity than the attempt to impose on all nations the same dramatic system. The art is in itself universal,

but how is it to be adapted to the taste of every particular country? important modifications then become unavoidable, and from thence proceeds such a diversity of opinions, as to what constitutes dramatic talents. It is certain that there is no branch of literature on which a diversity of opinion exists more strongly.

We do not agree with M. de Staël in her rejection of the unities in dramatic composition; the Germans, we know, wholly discard them, and they are universally infringed by all the German dramatic writers, excepting Lessing and Iffland. Goëthe and Schiller are known delinquents in this case, and both have been severely lashed with the scourge of ridicule. The French, however, are more observing of them, and consider the unity of time and place as an indispensable condition of theatrical illusion. Foreigners make this illusion consist in the delineation of character, in the truth of language, and the exact observation of the manners of the age and country which they design to paint. We must properly understand the meaning of this expression, illusion, when applied to the acts. Since we consent to believe that actors separated from ourselves by a few boards, are Greek heroes dead three thousand years ago, it is very certain that what we call illusion, is not the imagination that what we behold, really exists; a tragedy now only appears to us with the form of truth, by means of the emotion which it inspires. Now, if according to the nature of the circumstances represented, the change of place and the supposed prolongation of time add to this emotion, the illusion thereby becomes the more lively.

There is, however, one most formidable barrier to any improvement in the form and substance of the French tragedies, and this is the use of the Alexandrine. The most trivial occurrence must be garnished with all the pomp of the Alexandrine verse, and which has given rise to a humorous, but rather coarse expression of a French wit, who declared, *que dans la theâtre Française, un ne peut pas pèter sans une Alexandrine*. The defects of the German theatre are obvious; every thing that looks like want of acquaintance with the world, whether in art or in society, immediately strikes the most superficial observer; but to feel the beauties which come from the soul, it is necessary to appreciate the works that are presented to us with a sort of candour, which is altogether consistent with the highest superiority of mind. Ridicule, says M. de Staël, is often only a vulgar sentiment translated into im-

pertinence, but it is that very impertinence which, on the stage, often checks the follies of the day, and restores to virtue its native dignity.

In regard to the English drama, the following remarks will be perused with pleasure.

'M. Benj. Constant, in the so justly admired preface of his tragedy of "*Walstein*," has remarked that the Germans painted characters, the French only passions, in their dramatic pieces. To delineate characters, it is necessary to abandon the majestic tone which is exclusively admitted into French tragedy; for it is impossible to make known the faults and qualities of a man, but by presenting him under different aspects; in nature, the vulgar often mixes with the sublime, and sometimes relieves its effect: in short, the true action of a character cannot be represented but in a space of time somewhat considerable, and in twenty four hours there is no room for any thing but a catastrophe. It will, perhaps, be contended, that catastrophes are more suitable to the theatre than the minute shades of character; the emotion excited by lively passions pleases the greater part of the spectators more than the attention required for the observation of the human heart. The national taste alone can decide upon these different dramatic systems; but it is justice to acknowledge, that if foreigners have a different conception of the theatrical art from ourselves, it is neither through ignorance nor barbarism, but in consequence of profound reflections which are worthy of being examined.

'Shakspeare, whom they choose to call a barbarian, has, perhaps, too philosophical a spirit, too subtle a penetration, for the instantaneous perception of the theatre; he judges characters with the impartiality of a superior being, and sometimes represents them with an irony almost Machiavelian; his compositions have so much depth that the rapidity of theatrical action makes us lose a great part of the ideas which they contain: in this respect his pieces deserve more to be read than to be seen. By the very force of his imagination Shakspeare often suffers his action to grow cool, and the French understand much better how to paint their characters as well as their decorations with those striking colours which produce effect at a distance. What! will they say, can Shakspeare be reproached with having too much nicety in his perceptions, he who has indulged himself in situations so terrible? Shakspeare often reunites qualities, and even faults, that are contrary to each other; he is sometimes within, sometimes without, the sphere of art; but he possesses the knowledge of the human heart even more than that of the theatre.'

[To be concluded in our next].

* The translator has rendered the name erroneously. It is not *Walstein*, but *Wallenstein*, and the English translator properly bears that title.

ART. VIII.—*Prince Malcolm: in Five Cantos; with other Poems.* By John Doddridge Humphreys, jun. London: Longman and Co. 1813, 8vo. pp. 164, price 9s.

ECCE iterum Crispinus!—When Parson Adams set out on his journey to London, it was for the purpose of disposing of his MS. Sermons, but after he had travelled three-fourths of the way, he discovered that he had left the said sermons behind him;—now, had Mr. John Doddridge Humphreys, jun. when he travelled from the North to perfect himself in the obstetrical art—followed the example of Parson Adams, and left Prince Malcolm in his bureau until his return, he would perhaps have found time in the interval of his professional duties, to give to his poems that polish of which they are so glaringly deficient, and he would have thereby escaped a censure to which he has now exposed himself.—Far be it from us to clip the wings of genius, or to daunt the aspirant for poetic fame; but to constitute the real poet many qualities are necessary, and which are in themselves of so superior and extraordinary a nature, that we are not surprised that a combination of them is an event which so seldom occurs. Without originality genius cannot subsist—its very basis is invention; it discards and rejects all imitation as unworthy of it, and will not condescend to follow in the track marked out by another. Imitation, independently of its being a proof of the absence of real genius, is also a dangerous experiment. The man, who presumes to enact the parts of Hamlet or Macbeth, naturally exposes himself to a comparison with those great masters of the histrionic art, who have preceded him, and the plus or minus of his excellence depends on the originality of his conceptions, and a studied avoidance of all the forms and manners adopted by his predecessors.

The author of this poem is evidently an imitator of Mr. Walter Scott, and he may be called one of the smallest satellites of that northern planet of poetry. We acknowledge ourselves the admirers of Mr. Scott's genius, but we are not insensible to his defects, they are however eclipsed by the innumerable and transcendent beauties which are so lavishly scattered by his exuberant and glowing fancy; whereas, his imitators, from the best of all reasons, carefully abstain from presenting any of those beauties to our view; at the same time, that we are fully satiated with the defects. The young poet is captivated with the new

phraseology of Mr. Scott; he disdains the mention of a sword, it is immediately a brand, and it is raised by *Stalworth* arm; thus Mr. H. in the poems before us, adopts all the obsolete words culled by Mr. Scott from the ancient ballads, and our ears are again doomed to be astounded with some of those *clanging* rhymes, of which Mr. Scott may truly call himself the parent.

We shall now proceed to give an analysis of this poem: the story of which is evidently founded on the Macbeth of Shakspeare; but alas! the superstructure is very different. Prince Malcolm is introduced to us on his journey to Glamis castle, and

He deems he was by wizzard led,
For his murdered father's gory bed
Had fill'd the Prince with secret dread
Of dev'lish necromancy.

Deep Mystery's black, terrific veil,
Conceal'd from mortal ear the tale,
Nor deem'd young Malcolm's gen'rous heart,
That brave Macbeth could bear a part
In deed so black and foul.

At Glamis Castle he meets with Helen, who, it appears when an infant, had been 'seiz'd by the bloody, murder'ing band, in savage border fray.' Helen had not yet learned to love; the Prince however, soon teaches her. The castle of Glamis was at this time kept by Dannark, who is thus described.

'Now, mark that figure, spare, and tall,
With swarthy brow, and eye of fire;—
Stamp'd deep and fell—a ruffian dire;—
On his black soul may curses fall!

'For he by cunning treachery,
And poison's sweeten'd draught,
Has won the murder's bloody fee;—
And at weak conscience laught;

'But now the hollow traitor's heart
Feels her cankering, gnawing smart;
And though in Glamis' ancient Hold
With Clan right loyal, true, and bold,
He reigns a Chief of pow'r—

'Yet at midnight's silent hour—
When nought is heard but the owl's cry,
And the fitful breeze's mournful sigh,
And the castle-bell, with hollow clang,
Fills with strange fear the heart of man.

'Then Dannark's blood runs cold and thick;
And his tortur'd brain with fever burns,

While on his sleepless couch he turns
With trembling limb, and fancy sick.

' I ween, his foul, perturbed mind
Is read by yond old, wither'd monk,
Whose holy pray'r, and spirit kind,
Would raise his hopes, for ever sunk :
But, 'tis not the ghostly father's pray'r,
Can conquer guilt, and fix'd despair.'

The arrival of Malcolm raises some strong emotions in the breast of Dannark, and we are told,

' Base Dannark's black, and coward heart,
In valour's tale could bear no part ;
His thoughts upon his guest were fix'd,
With doubt, and wonder, strangely mix'd ;
' He deeply mark'd his carriage high ;
Felt check'd, and aw'd, he knew not why ;—
For something in his noble guest
Quell'd his pride, and pain'd his breast,—
' Then turn'd his wary eye around,
And seem'd to smile, but inly frown'd ;—
Then fill'd again the madd'ning bowl,
Hoping to drown his aching soul.'—

A holy monk in the castle reads in Malcolm's youthful face the features of murdered Duncan, and wishes to guard him against the designs which Dannark might have against him ; at the commencement of the second canto, he enters the bedchamber of Malcolm, who, although we are told in the preceding canto, scorn'd pale-visag'd fear, is now so overcome with terror at the sight of the monk, that he strives to hide himself, we suppose under the bed-cloaths. The monk however tells him that Macbeth was the author of the murder of his father, and advises him to leave the castle before ' the morrow's coming night.' The advice is followed, and Malcolm leaves the castle on the subsequent day ; the blood-hounds of Dannark are however sent in pursuit of him, and he escapes by swimming over the Tay, which is told in truly *Scottish* lines.

' The daring steed now plung'd in Tay
Dashing aside the foaming spray,
Young Malcolm too, *did saddle leave*
With Stalworth arm the wave to cleave.'

From the Banks of the Tay Malcolm directs his flight into Northumberland. Geographical accuracy is not to be expected from a poet ; it is an object beneath his consideration ; according to the common course of things, we

are aware, that when Malcolm crossed the Tay at Glamis Castle, he was on the high road to the Highlands; but it is in vain to contend with the inventive faculty of a poet; we take it therefore for granted that the Prince made a circuitous route and crossed the Forth at Stirling Bridge, at which place he might have stopped to breakfast, and then made the best of his way to Siward, Earl of Northumberland. *Badinage* however aside, the beauty of a narrative is destroyed by an inattention to local accuracy, and had Mr. Humphreys ever visited that interesting country in which he places the scenes of his poem, (which, from various reasons we are inclined to believe that he has not), we should not now have reason to accuse him of ignorance of its geographical situation, nor of the errors which he commits in the orthography of the places. In the latter instance we allude particularly to his orthography of *Dunsinane*, Macbeth's castle. It is true, Shakspeare writes it Dunsinane, but it is very well ascertained, contrary to the opinion of Sir John Sinclair, that Shakspeare was never in the vicinity of Perth, where the scenes of his tragedy of Macbeth are laid. Dunsinnan Hill is at present the property of Sir William Nairn, Bart. It is in that country universally written and pronounced Dunsinnan, and we believe that the orthography of Dunsinane is to be solely ascribed to Shakspeare, who gave it that accent which was most suitable to the rhythm of the line.

Leaving Prince Malcolm with the Earl of Northumberland, we are on a sudden introduced, *nolens volens* to a very great character, who, although he has deservedly attracted the admiration of all Europe, is still most inappropriately brought in to figure away with the Duncans, Malcolms, and Macbeths of ancient memory. This great personage is no other than the Marquess of Wellington, and we cannot quote a brighter specimen of the poetical abilities of Mr. John Doddridge Humphreys, Jun. than the last stanza of the eulogy, which his patriotic muse has bestowed on that consummate general.

‘ Long may he live, with honor bless’d
By his grateful country still caress’d,
And then on history’s brightest page
His name shall live, and fame shall blaze.’

The fourth canto opens with a very pleasing description of old Waldoff, who rescued Helen at ‘the border fray,’ and we exclaim, *O sic omnia!* To the cot of this old man Helen oft repaired, and during one of her visits a min-

strel came, and after taking some refreshment, he sings the 'Minstrel's Lay,' the tenour of which is, that Prince Edward, son of Edward Ironside, King of England, was an outlaw, and retired with his infant Margaret, an only daughter, to a low cot, to preserve her from his enemies. A border fray took place, and Margaret was rescued, whilst the cot was on fire, 'by a stately form of warlike mien.' This was Waldoff, who now in Helen recognises the infant Margaret, of royal blood; but this recognition on the part of Waldoff was attended with serious consequences, for we are informed 'that while the ancient minstrel sung, he look'd like one possess'd, and at last he danc'd like one that's mad.' As a professional gentleman, Mr. Humphreys may know the difference between being possessed and being mad; we profess our ignorance of it, and in a certain sense we never wish, on that point, to be wiser.

The poem closes with the march of 'Birnam Wood to Dunsinnane,' Macbeth's death, and Malcolm's union with Margaret. On this occasion Mr. H. adheres closely to his original. Mr. Scott says,

'And Snowdon's knight was Scotland's king,'

And Mr. H. adds,

'Tis Margaret fair—and Scotland's queen.'

Having now given an outline of the poem, of its execution we can say but little. A perfect carelessness to the legitimacy of the rhymes appears throughout the work. Such as *groom, soon; clang, man; arm, storm; Spain, fame; plain, name; page, blaze; noon, plume; storm, charm; cum multis aliis*. An inattention to the justness of the metre is also apparent; *ex gr.*

'But if 'twas a sad and mournful lay,

Then would Helen grow full pale;

And oft a tear, her eye betray,

And half would her soft voice fail.'

To use a common expression, Mr. H. perhaps thinks there is no crime in robbing Peter to pay Paul, and therefore he has robbed the last line of a syllable to give it to the first.

We seriously recommend to Mr. H. before he sends any more of his poems into the world, to make an active use of the file. He is not wholly destitute of poetical talent, but the ear is continually wounded in the perusal of his effusions by a gross inattention to the metre, and to the legitimacy of the rhymes. As an imitator of Walter Scott he is the most servile, and we request him to hold in re-

membrance, that the eagle boldly soars to the sun and asks, whence its fires, and where the hand which marked its daily course; but were the wren to attempt to follow him in his flight, or to track him in the spheres through which his aspiring genius leads him, her presumption would be rewarded with ridicule and contempt.

ART. IX.—*History of the Azores, or Western Islands; containing an Account of the Government, Laws, and Religion, the Manners, Ceremonies, and Character of the Inhabitants, and demonstrating the Importance of these valuable Islands to the British Empire. Illustrated by Maps and other Engravings.* London: Sherwood and Co. 4to. pp. 310. Price £1. 11s. 6d. 1813.

OF all the arts which give unlimited scope to the ingenuity of man, that of book-making is the most deserving of our notice. The German joiner, who composed the *Travels of Damberger through the Interior of Africa*, which set the African company in a state of feverish anxiety, as they beheld fresh sources opening to their commercial speculations, and which also plunged the worthy publishers of the metropolis of England into a state of open war, fighting for the copy-right, may be considered as the greatest adept in the above-mentioned art, which this or any other age ever produced. The author of the history of the Azores, whom we can designate by no other title than T. A. Captain Light Dragoons, assisted by his aid-de-camp Jos. T. Haydn, has a fair claim to stand second in the ranks of the book-makers. A certain writer of antiquity says, *Μεγα βιβλιον, μέγα κακον*, and we are convinced that he would not have retracted his opinion, had he been like us, doomed to wade through the heavy, cumbersome mass of paradoxes and contradictions which this volume contains. Jos. T. Haydn, the *soi-disant* aid-de-camp informs us in the preface, that in order to gratify the instructed and the uninstructed, the design of the author appears to have been not only to convey all the information he possibly could upon the subject, but also to convey it in the most plain and simple manner; now, as we profess ourselves to belong to the uninstructed, especially on so important a subject as the annexation of the Azores to the British Dominions, we did look for that plain and simple manner, in which the instruction was to

be conveyed to us, and therefore should we in our progress through the work be so unfortunate as to misconceive the author, it must be attributed to the dulness of our intellect, not to the descriptive powers of the author.

The volume is written in letters to a member of the British parliament, whose character we transcribe, merely as *one* proof of the plain and simple manner in which the author informs the uninstructed.

‘ I confess that it affords me pleasure, and, perhaps, gratifies my vanity, to be permitted to address my communications to a member of the British parliament, whose system of policy is at length arousing the spirit of our country. The political and commercial map of Europe you have attentively examined; and the annals of past ages you have studiously explored, to enlighten the present age. But the clear comprehension of a general subject, which involves a variety of separate parts; that lucid arrangement which, by happily grouping particulars, fixes them on the retina of the intellect; that copiousness of diction, elegant as becomes the leader of a band of patriots, but not too much adorned for a man of business, which distinguishes you in general; were never displayed to greater advantage than in the debates on the decline of commercial credit. On no former occasion did you discover, and in a stronger degree to the astonishment or impression of your audience, your profound acquaintance with the system of European politics; the great national views which suggest themselves only to a great and virtuous mind; the rapid glance of argument, and the electric flash of decision. Animated with the breath of better times, your lustre appeared to increase, while you delivered those effusions of a luminous intellect, and a correct imagination. Your arguments were at once marked with the *lumen purpureum juventæ*, and with the sage maturity of manhood. Characters of this kind, that rise to honourable celebrity, without forsaking their station, are those to which a work of political and commercial consequence, may, with propriety, be addressed.’

The great aim which T. A. captain, light dragoons, endeavours to accomplish is the annexation of the Azores to the British Empire. It is but just that his arguments on such an important topic, should be heard; and if those advantages would actually accrue to England, from the possession of the Azores, which are so pompously displayed in this volume, we see no reason why a bargain should not be struck immediately with the Prince Regent of Portugal, especially as he is indebted to this country in a very large sum of money, for fighting his battles; and as the debt may be put down, (and no doubt already is), in the ledger of the English government, as a very bad one,

we think that the thanks of the nation are due to the captain, for having devised a method of obtaining the value, when it could not recover the money.

We tremble whilst we transcribe the following passage. Our country is dear to us, and 'with all its faults we love it still.' Its golden age can only return with the possession of the Azores by Britain; but let the captain speak for himself, and we hope that he still lives, but has recovered from his 'despair.'

'I do not tempt the English government to violate their faith with the house of Braganza, and to assume an authority which is now inefficient and nugatory in that house. All I propose is, to purchase freedom and happiness for the islands in exchange for the blood and treasure which England has expended in the Braganza cause. To raise the Azores to the dignity of self-government, and to that concord, order, and harmony, which are unknown to a people subject to the rule of a distant, uncertain, and fluctuating administration. And, after bestowing on them these transcendent blessings, to secure them by a disinterested and honourable protection. Perhaps the best system of government for the Azores would be an establishment, similar to that of the late Swiss republic: the nine islands to comprize a confederacy under the marine and military protection of England; holding, at the same time, the entire direction of their civil, ecclesiastical, and domestic polity.

'If these important arrangements can be accomplished for the Azores, my hopes of a golden age, yet to come, will revive; but if the English nation has not spirit to attempt, and resolution to prosecute, the plan; if, sunk in sensuality, and enervated by pleasure and dissipation, it sees not the chains, it hears not the complaints, of the suffering people; if it presumes on its riches, its commerce, its learning, its arts, its navy, and its power; if it vaunts itself on the pre-eminence it holds among the nations of the earth; if it can be swayed by no considerations of humanity and independence; then shall I live and despair.

We will now examine the advantages which would flow to England from the possession of the Azores. The following is their epitome; the first, however, from the change in the political situation of Europe, falls to the ground of itself.

'1. England is in a novel and tremendous state: most tremendous, because its novelty does not seem to surprize, nor its terror to alarm. The sword and the sceptre of Europe are conveyed into one hand. Hosts more numerous than the crusaders; an empire more powerful than the Roman; talents and force, such as never before were united; are all associated against you. The boundaries, the thrones, the laws of nations,

are changed; all is changed, and still changes; and every change shuts you from the continent, and is intended for your ruin. Under circumstances so calamitous, it is of the first necessity to establish an independent state; to open new channels for your commerce, new resources for your revenue, and a depôt, to which all nations may repair for home and colonial produce, without being subject to the arbitrary power and malignant dominion of France. For, situated as the Azores are, between Africa, America, and Europe, a vast and a productive trade could always be carried on either in a legal or an indirect mode, particularly with Africa and America.

'2. As Britain is destitute of wine colonies, it must find an alliance with the Azores extremely favourable; the western islands being calculated to produce a vast quantity of wine, and of a quality proper for the consumption of the West Indies.

'3. But a principal advantage resulting to England from the accomplishment of this plan would arise from making the islands a MILITARY DEPÔT: that is, making them a place of alternative for the constitution of the soldier, in order that, when he progresses to Africa or to the West Indies, his blood may be prepared to meet the vicissitudes of those destructive climates. There is no doubt but that this measure of precaution would save the sum of millions, and the lives of thousands; it being well known that the inhabitants of the Azores resist the contagions of the coast of Africa, and of the banks of the Marañon, when the native of the continent of Europe shuts up and perishes.

'4. As the central island of Terceira, is eminently adapted for the discipline and subsistence of troops, it would be profitable always to keep such an army there, as would meet the demands of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the East and the West Indies. Troops are too commonly sent from England unseasoned and unexperienced; and often under circumstances of delay, that renders their succour unavailing. Whereas, they could be sent from the Azores in time to act on emergency, and in a state of health and discipline, calculated for the service of the state, notwithstanding the action of the sun, in any clime. I trust, that this will be thought an important consideration.

'5. It having been found, after an experience of several years, that the establishment at New South Wales is attended by an enormous expense, and by results adverse or contrary to its intended purposes; might it not be highly advantageous to make the Azores supply the use of that distant settlement? You will, perhaps, immediately reply, that the execution of this plan would encourage, rather than deter men from, the commission of crimes; as it would hold out to them, freedom, self-government, and prospects of ambition, in a temperate cli-

mate. But nothing of the kind is held out. Servitude, labour, and confinement to islands whence they could never escape, would be the conditions proposed. And as the harbours of Fayal, Terceira, and St. Michael, stand in need of considerable labour and improvement, gangs of convicts could there be perpetually kept in useful and profitable employ.

'6. And, as the islands abound in waste lands, proper for the cultivation of hemp, the vine, &c. &c. it might be deemed just and right to promote such convicts to that duty, as conducted themselves best in the construction of harbours, roads, and buildings, proper for the naval and military service of the country.'

The idea of making the Azores the receptacle for our convicts, is certainly a most luminous one; and we admire the fecundity of the brain in which it was engendered. The nation of the Azores are eternally indebted to the Captain for the suggestion: and the Prince Regent of Portugal would have ample reason to congratulate himself for the happiness which he has conferred on his quondam subjects, by the transfer of the islands to England.

The whole project of this author is too visionary to merit from us any consideration, the advantages which he enumerates, as flowing from the possession of the islands, would not reimburse the expense of the garrisons necessary to defend them; that is, if they were worth defending at all.

As we proceeded, we were in hopes of discovering some local advantages which would sanction us to alter our opinion of the value of these islands, but we have been disappointed. Instead of meeting with an account of the political and commercial relations of the Azores, we have been wearied with a long mineralogical survey of the island of St. Michael, and three chapters are wholly occupied with the story of the Nuns of Esperanza. The Joiner of Germany and the Captain of Light Dragoons, may shake hands together in the most cordial manner.

As a specimen of the *plain and simple manner* in which these letters are written, we shall quote the description of the formation of the Porto do Ilheo, by volcanic eruptions; and with this extract, we shall close our notice of the volume; the language of which is bombastic, and inflated in the highest degree: the grammar would disgrace a school-boy of Eton.

'Whatever may have been the primitive figure of the Porto do Ilheo, there can be no doubt but that this figure was changed through the agency of fire, which made it assume a kind of obtuse truncated cone, terminating in a circular vertex. This convic-

tion is impressed by the volcanic remains which constitute the walls of the truncated cone of the vertex, and by the primitive substances which compose the base upon which that cone stands elevated. That it vomited flames under this figure for a number of ages is also certain, and why, and from what causes it ceased to burn, is the only question that solicits the naturalist's investigation. That the shock of the earthquake, taking its origin from the violent expansion of subterraneous air, and occasioned by the sudden action of water on mineral fire, was the cause of the cessation, cannot be disputed; therefore the difficulty contracts its circle, and appears to be merely this:—Whether the water gained access to the caverns of liquid fire, by the gradual waste of the truncated cone from the flowing of the lava in one particular direction, or whether it gained access through the falling in of the vaults of such caverns, lying as they do immediately under the immensity of the ocean. There is no difficulty in solving these questions. The most ordinary observer is competent to their solution. For the most ordinary observer must perceive, that the sides of the opening in the cone, above the mouth, through which the water finds an entrance, do not present an undulating surface, such as is produced by the gradual flow of lava and the constant attrition of waters, but he instantly perceives that they exhibit that rugged and broken appearance, and those mutual protrusions and indentions, which can only arise from an earthquake, or from some sudden and violent convulsion of nature.

‘I might here, with propriety, end this disquisition and proceed with the detail of my excursion; but as I have advanced the hypothesis of earthquakes produced through the agency of water, it may not be superfluous here to show the principles which direct my determination. To expose this theory, it will be sufficient to observe, that the air of the subterraneous caverns under the Porto do Ilheo, being lighter than the element which pressed upon it, and more elastic than the atmosphere encompassing the earth, it was for ever searching for the means of rising to a height on which the air was of the same specific gravity with itself. In this situation it floated till it became suddenly rarefied and expanded by the violent effervescence occasioned by the bursting in of the waters upon the mineral and metallic fires previously burning in the caves. Thus rarefied and expanded by effervescence, and with its specific gravity lessened, and the diminution of its weight proportioned to the effervescence, the whole mass above it was compelled to yield to this dilated power, and to suffer it to ascend to an atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself. In this state of increased inflammability and dilatation, it naturally took the direction or current of the vertex in the centre of the island, and finding the cone of this vertex too contracted for its velocity and volume, it went off with a terrible explosion, agitating

the sea, and rending the cone of the vertex from its summit to its base. And also separating the object called the pyramid, which I have before mentioned, from the body of the island to which it was attached. This tremendous concussion, however, produced the beneficial effect of forming a harbour which has since saved many hundred lives; for it opened an entrance into the vertex from the ocean, and formed a basin into which there passes not a winter that vessels do not run for succour, and when every other hope is absolutely lost.'

ART. X.—*Essay on the Theory of the Earth, translated from the French of M. Cuvier, by Robert Kerr, F. R. S. and F. A. S. Edinb. With Mineralogical Notes, and an Account of Cuvier's Geological Discoveries, by Professor Jameson. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1813. pp. 265. Price 8s.*

THE science of geology may still be considered in its infancy. The researches of the French philosophers, and especially of M. Cuvier, the enlightened author of this Essay, have, it is true, thrown a considerable light on many points which were but very lately wrapt in obscurity. Much, however, still remains to be done, and although we differ with M. Cuvier in some of his leading principles, and especially in the effects of the sea on the different continents of the earth, we are still disposed to admit, that in a science, in which investigation is attended with the greatest difficulty, the probability of error on either side is not to be questioned.

It cannot admit of a doubt, that the present solid land of our earth, has, in times long since elapsed, and mostly during long periods, been the bottom of the sea. This is evident, not only from the exterior construction, and the enormous bulk of many horizontal strata, but also from the nature of their constituent parts. In the midst of the solid lands, not only on the highest mountains, but also in the bowels of the earth, we find remains of the inhabitants of the abysses of the ocean, of marine animals and shells, in one place formed in innumerable numbers into extensive beds, and enclosed in solid strata, which have formed and hardened themselves gradually about them, in one place over, in another under remains and impressions of terrestrial animals and plants. The naturalist is seized with astonishment when he reflects on this remarkable phenomenon. By what means has the ocean elevated it-

self over the summits of the mountains of our highest land? Why has it remained long in a state of inertness over them? Whither are its waters now gone? What power has effected its sudden secession from the land? Why was the solid land again hereafter inundated by the waters of the ocean? Whence the often repeated inundation and recession of the ocean? These are the natural questions which the geologist on reflecting on these phenomena must put to himself, and the solution of which we shall endeavour to find in the Essay now before us.

In speaking of the revolutions which the earth has undergone, and proof being requisite that such revolutions have been numerous, M. Cuvier says:

‘If we institute a more detailed comparison between the various strata and those remains of animals which they contain, we shall soon discover still more numerous differences among them, indicating a proportional number of changes in their condition. The sea has not always deposited stony substances of the same kind. It has observed a regular succession as to the nature of its deposits; the more ancient the strata are, so much the more uniform and extensive are they; and the more recent they are, the more limited are they, and the more variation is observed in them at small distances. Thus the great catastrophes which have produced revolutions in the basin of the sea, were preceded, accompanied, and followed by changes in the nature of the fluid and of the substances which it held in solution; and when the surface of the seas came to be divided by islands and projecting ridges, different changes took place in every separate basin.

‘Amidst these changes of the general fluid, it must have been almost impossible for the same kind of animals to continue to live:—nor did they do so in fact. Their species, and even their genera, change with the strata; and although the same species occasionally recur at small distances, it is generally the case that the shells of the ancient strata have forms peculiar to themselves; that they gradually disappear, till they are not to be seen at all in the recent strata, still less in the existing seas, in which, indeed, we never discover their corresponding species, and where several even of their genera are not to be found; that, on the contrary, the shells of the recent strata resemble, as it respects the genus, those which still exist in the sea; and that in the last-formed and loosest of these strata there are some species which the eye of the most expert naturalist cannot distinguish from those which at present inhabit the ocean.

‘In animal nature, therefore, there has been a succession of changes corresponding to those which have taken place in the chemical nature of the fluid; and when the sea last receded from our continent, its inhabitants were not very different from those which it still continues to support.

‘ Finally, if we examine with greater care these remains of organized bodies, we shall discover, in the midst even of the most ancient secondary strata, other strata that are crowded with animal or vegetable productions, which belong to the land and to fresh water; and amongst the more recent strata, that is, the strata which are nearest the surface, there are some of them in which land animals are buried under heaps of marine productions. Thus the various catastrophes of our planet have not only caused the different parts of our continents to rise by degrees from the basin of the sea, but it has also frequently happened, that lands which had been laid dry have been again covered by the water, in consequence either of these lands sinking down below the level of the sea, or of the sea being raised above the level of the lands. The particular portions of the earth also which the sea has abandoned by its last retreat, had been laid dry once before, and had at that time produced quadrupeds, birds, plants, and all kinds of terrestrial productions; it had been inundated by the sea, which has since retired from it, and left it to be occupied by its own proper inhabitants.

‘ The changes which have taken place in the productions of the shelly strata, have not, therefore, been entirely owing to a gradual and general retreat of the waters, but to successive irruptions and retreats, the final result of which, however, has been an universal depression of the level of the sea.’

We, however, perfectly agree with M. Cuvier, when he says, that these revolutions have been sudden. The great beds and strata of muscles, which have been discovered in many places in all the quarters of the globe, in the highest mountains, and in the vallies, consist of the remains of many generations of marine animals, which must necessarily have lived in the places where they are found in succession at one period, and where the sea covered these places for centuries. The observation is highly important, that such muscles and madrepores generally appear in the strata in the order of their families, as they are found on the shores, or in the depths of the ocean; and that most of the muscles of one place are also of one genus. In the midst of such strata, which could only be produced by the sea, we find other strata, in which are enclosed the remains of terrestrial animals, and plants, which are not commixed with the productions of the sea. In the county of Derby, for example, it has been observed, that no vegetable remains are to be found in chalk strata, which contain many lapidifications; whilst, on the other hand, the schistus, and then horizontal layers lying over them between the strata of coal, contain vegetable productions in

quantity, but no marine productions. The plants of such strata do not, in general, consist of woody species of plants which are difficult of decay, but of those species of grasses and herbs which are more destructible, and they are often of those species which are found in bogs and peat mosses, which is of itself a distinct proof, that such vegetable remains have not, as some geologists would affirm, been conducted to the sea by adventitious causes, but have been formed in that spot where they are now found, and that the ocean at the time of this formation had there forsaken the surface of the earth.

To prove that these revolutions have been sudden, M. Cuvier says,

‘ These repeated irruptions and retreats of the sea have neither been slow nor gradual ; most of the catastrophes which have occasioned them have been sudden, and this is easily proved, especially with regard to the last of them, the traces of which are most conspicuous. In the northern regions it has left the carcasses of some large quadrupeds which the ice had arrested, and which are preserved even to the present day with their skin, their hair, and their flesh. If they had not been frozen as soon as killed they must quickly have been decomposed by putrefaction. But this eternal frost could not have taken possession of the regions which these animals inhabited, except by the same cause which destroyed them ;* this cause, therefore, must have been as sudden as its effect. The breaking to pieces and overturnings of the strata, which happened in former catastrophes, shew plainly enough that they were sudden and violent like the last ; and the heaps of *debris* and rounded pebbles which are found in various places among the solid strata, demonstrate the vast force of the motions excited in the mass of waters by these overturnings. Life, therefore, has been often disturbed on this earth by terrible events—calamities which, at their commencement, have perhaps moved and overturned to a great depth the entire outer crust of the globe, but which, since these first emotions, have uniformly acted at a less depth and less generally. Numberless living beings have been the victims of these catastrophes ; some have been destroyed by sudden inundations, others have been laid dry in consequence of the bottom of the seas being instantaneous-

* The two most remarkable phenomena of this kind, and which must for ever banish all idea of a slow and gradual revolution, are the rhinoceros discovered in 1771 in the banks of the *Vilhoui*, and the elephant recently found by M. Adams near the mouth of the *Lena*. This last still retained its flesh and skin, on which was hair of two kinds ; one short, fine, and crisped, resembling wool, and the other like long bristles. The flesh was still in such high preservation, that it was eaten by dogs.

ly elevated. Their races even have become extinct, and have left no memorial of them, except some small fragments which the naturalist can scarcely recognise.

'Such are the conclusions which necessarily result from the objects that we meet with at every step of our enquiry, and which we can always verify by examples drawn from almost every country. Every part of the globe bears the impress of these great and terrible events so distinctly, that they must be visible to all who are qualified to read their history in the remains which they have left behind.

'But what is still more astonishing and not less certain, there have not been always living creatures on earth, and it is easy for the observer to discover the period at which animal productions began to be deposited.'

In regard to the terrestrial animals, it is visible alone from the existence of their remains, how great and sudden the revolutions have been, by which those animals have been buried under the earth. Had they not been suddenly covered by the earth, or immersed in the ground of the fluids, or had not precipitations enveloped them, which rapidly attached to them, their bones would in a short time have been destroyed in the same manner as those of the animals of the present world, which soon corrode in the air or in the hollow earth, and of which we never find proper fossil bones.

But the traces of a great annihilation of many whole animal genera of an earlier world, are distinctly observed, particularly in the fossile bones of mammillary animals. The class of quadrupeds is the least numerous on our earth, and it is probable that we are acquainted with almost all the species of them, at least the few which yet remain unknown to us are certainly very small and insignificant; it appears, therefore, from these observations, that the great revolutions of which our earth contains so many monuments, have frequently annihilated whole animal species, and buried their remains suddenly in great depths. Can these revolutions have been any other thing than the collision of physical bodies?

In regard to marine animals, our observations on the annihilated species are much less decisive than in regard to mammillary animals. Although a considerable number of muscles and other marine creatures have been discovered, whose existing species we look for in vain in the sea, their annihilation yet remains dubious, as the depths and abysses of the sea where they could be found are inaccessible to us.

In respect to plants, this inquiry is also attended with

great difficulties; the remains of plants change themselves by inward fermentation and solution gradually into the substance which forms coal. This mineral carbonation almost wholly effaces the traces of their organization, they are therefore principally to be looked for in the impressions which the plants have left behind them in masses formerly soft, but now hardened. Among these impressions, particular ones are really to be found, whose originals on earth have hitherto been sought for in vain; but the question if the originals of these vegetable impressions do not exist any longer on the earth, cannot be solved with certainty, as their botanical examination is uncertain, and as we are yet far removed from a comprehension of the vegetable kingdom. A description of the former system of geology will in some degree be necessary to elucidate the system of M. Cuvier, and in our next we shall draw that comparative statement from which the superiority of the different systems can be ascertained.

‘During a long time, two events or epochs only, the Creation and the Deluge, were admitted as comprehending the changes which have occurred upon the globe; and all the efforts of geologists were directed to account for the present actual state of the earth, by arbitrarily ascribing to it a certain primitive state, and afterwards changed and modified by the deluge, of which also, as to its causes, its operation, and its effects, every one of them entertained his own theory.

‘Thus, in the opinion of Burnet, the whole earth at the first consisted of a uniform light crust, which covered over the abyss of the sea, and which, being broken for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments. According to Woodward, the deluge was occasioned by momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies; the whole mass of the globe was dissolved, and the soft paste became penetrated by shells. Scheuchzer conceived that God raised up the mountains for the purpose of allowing the waters of the deluge to run off, and accordingly selected those portions which contained the greatest abundance of rocks, without which they could not have supported themselves. Whiston fancied that the earth was created from the atmosphere of one comet, and that it was deluged by the tail of another. The heat which remained from its first origin, in his opinion, excited the whole antediluvian population, men and animals, to sin, for which they were all drowned in the deluge, excepting the fish, whose passions were apparently less violent.

‘It is easy to see, that though naturalists might have a range sufficiently wide within the limits prescribed by the book of Genesis, they very soon found themselves in too narrow bounds;

and when they had succeeded in converting the six days employed in the work of creation into so many periods of indefinite length, their systems took a flight proportioned to the periods, which they could then dispose of at pleasure.

‘ Even the great Leibnitz, as well as Descartes, amused his imagination by conceiving the world to be an extinguished sun, or vitrified globe ; upon which the vapours condensing in proportion as it cooled, formed the seas, and afterwards deposited calcareous strata.

‘ By Demaillet, the globe was conceived to have been covered with water for many thousand years. He supposed that this water had gradually retired ; that all the terrestrial animals were originally inhabitants of the sea ; that man himself began his career as a fish : and he asserts, that it is not uncommon, even now, to meet with fishes in the ocean, which are still only half men, but whose descendants will in time become perfect human beings.

‘ The system of Buffon is merely an extension of that before devised by Leibnitz, with the addition only of a comet, which by a violent blow upon the sun, struck off the mass of our earth in a liquefied state, along with the masses of all the other planets of our system at the same instant. From this supposition, he was enabled to assume positive dates or epochs : as, from the actual temperature of the earth, it could be calculated how long time it had taken to cool so far. And, as all the other planets had come from the sun at the same time, it could also be calculated how many ages were still required for cooling the greater ones, and how far the smaller ones were already frozen.’

[To be concluded in our next.]

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*The Friendly Call, or Epistola Amicitiae: containing brief, serious, moral, and religious Hints, adapted to the present eventful Time and State of the Public, both in the civil and religious Horizon.* By J. Rickman, M. D. London: Cox and Son. 8vo. pp. 112. Price 4s. 1814.

DR. RICKMAN informs us, in the advertisement prefixed to this Friendly Call, that he has passed more than fifty years in observation on men and things, and in a sphere of life not the most contracted. Here then, we exclaimed as we opened the volume, we shall find a clue to the intricate windings of the human heart ; we shall be able to trace its aberrations from the first entrance of vice, to the completion of the most consummate guilt ; the mask will be torn aside, by which the deformity of its nature is concealed, and we shall behold it stripped of

those surreptitious ornaments by which its value is weighed and determined.—In his professional career, the Doctor must have had frequent opportunities of viewing mankind in every relation, and we were therefore entitled to expect from him something more than mere common declamation. We have carefully perused his *Friendly Call*, and we seriously recommend it to those itinerant gentlemen who burlesque the clerical character in the conventicles in and about the metropolis—we can assure them that they will find in it many passages of that affecting nature, which, when delivered with that grace of which they are so capable, “will send their hearers weeping to their beds.” As for ourselves, we candidly confess, that in us the very contrary emotion has been often excited, but that may probably be owing to our misconception of the author, and mistaking that for ludicrous, which was designed to be grave. We wish we could prevail upon ourselves to transcribe that part of the fifth letter which treats of the origin of evil, we might perhaps thereby set that most momentous question at rest for ever—but we are restrained by a laudable fear, that some of our casuistical readers, not modestly confining themselves as we did, within the bounds of a simple smile, would burst out into an obstreperous horse-laugh, and far be it from us to excite the laughter of any one on a subject of such a serious and important nature. We refer them, however, to the 7th Letter, in which they can indulge the risibility of their nature to its full extent.

The Doctor may be, and we believe he is, a very good and pious man; but among the various diseases to which the human frame is subject, and with which we have positive proof, that the Doctor is well acquainted, is one known by the appellation of the *Cacoethes scribendi*, and which rages at this time with particular fury. That Dr. Rickman has fallen in contact with some infected person is most certain, and we sincerely wish him a speedy and effectual cure.

POLITICS.

ART. 12.—*An Appeal to the Allies and the English Nation in Behalf of Poland.* London: Harding, pp. 66. price 2s. 1814.

WE can trace in this pamphlet the efforts of an enlightened and vigorous mind, although we do not exactly coincide in the statements of the writer. We cannot see that the restoration of Poland has any bearing upon the great question which is now pending in Europe. The partition of Poland had taken place previously to those great events which have struck Europe with astonishment; and it cannot be expected that those monarchs, by whose exertions peace is on the eve of being restored to Europe, should be called upon to give up a part of their territory, the possession of which is not a matter of dispute, nor which can be considered as the spoils of war. But we see clearly through the principle on which those monarchs are to act, ac-

ording to this writer, who have received a slice of the former kingdom of Poland. The restoration of European independence is the aim, no doubt, of the allied powers; and as France is to be obliged to restore her conquests, it is but *justice* that the same sacrifice should be made by the allies. But there is no analogy in the case. It is acknowledged "that not one of the allied princes bore any part in the first dismemberment of Poland. The authors of that fatal event have long since left the world, and their sins have been heavily visited upon their unoffending children." The confession is made, that the allied monarchs have been already grievously punished, in addition to which, they are now very coolly and deliberately called upon to give up a part of their territories.

In the following extract, the writer throws a sop to Cerberus, or, in other words, he gives to the allied monarchs certain inestimable qualities, and the possession of which ought naturally to lead them to the restoration of Poland.

The system pursued in Poland, may, I apprehend, be as inoffensively discussed, when the object in view is not to blame any one, not to excite irritation in any quarter, but simply to shew by what changes in that system the interests of the Allies and of all Europe may best be promoted. The illustrious monarchs, who are now firmly leagued together for the liberation of mankind, have shewn themselves too disinterested, and too far removed above the paltry feelings which keep little minds in error, from the fear of avowing it by their improvement, to make it conceivable, that they should listen to any such suggestions of false pride upon the present occasion. Their whole conduct has been one sacrifice of individual interests and personal feelings to the common cause;—every one has, in his turn, acknowledged, that he had once taken the wrong view, and engaged on the wrong side. History presents no such splendid picture of real greatness, as the union of mighty Sovereigns upon principles like these. When Alexander the Great overcame his passion for a woman, (and it is, perhaps, the only real title to the name which he has left on record) he did an act that shrinks into the shade beside any one of those victories over themselves, by which the Allied Princes have prepared the way for their triumph over France. We are left in suspense, whether to dwell most fondly upon their treatment of Moreau, or their deference to the Crown Prince. But, perhaps, there is nothing more touching in the story of real life, than the Emperor of Russia yielding up his quarters to the Austrian Generalissimo, and always suspending every care of his own comfort, while that of the Allied Commander remained unprovided for. The more ordinary virtue of courage which those monarchs have so amply displayed in the field, is not to be mentioned after this. And I am sure, that no man will deem it a rash attempt to speak truth for the good of their subjects, and of the common cause, before personages who have shewn themselves thus wholly devoted to the

interests of their country and of Europe.'

According to the tenets of this writer, England refrains from interfering in the case of Poland, because she has no harbours where a little trade may be driven. This is really a direct libel on the country. But we would ask, what right has England to interfere at all in the question? We are not quite certain that the conduct of England, in regard to the seizing of territory to which she had no positive nor even presumptive right, can be considered as perfectly immaculate. Supposing some champion in Russia or Sweden were to step forth, and appeal to those two powers in behalf of certain territories in the East Indies, which have been attached to the British empire in a manner very analogous to the parts of Poland, to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, We are certain, that if either Russia or Sweden did interfere, there is not an individual in this country, not even excepting the sagacious writer of this pamphlet, who would not accuse them of a meddling officious disposition, and who would not tell them, in the blunt language of John Bull, to mind their own business.

It is rather a misfortune, that this pamphlet was not published in time for my Lord Castlereagh to have put half a dozen in his pocket, and to have presented them to the allied monarchs on his arrival at head-quarters. It would have been an excellent *bonne bouche* for the French ambassador.

The pamphlet, on the whole, will, however, amply repay the time spent in its perusal. It contains a considerable degree of information on the subject of which it treats, and shews the writer to be a close and attentive observer of the passing scenes.

NOVELS.

ART. 13.—*Jane de Dunstanville, or Characters as they are. In Four Volumes. By Isabella Kelly, Author of Madeline, Abbey St. Asaph, Avondale Priory, &c. &c.* London: Published for the Author, 1813.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice the literary labours of the ingenious author of these volumes, and we have in general bestowed upon them that applause to which their merit entitled them.—The present Novel will not yield in point of incident, in a due discrimination of character, and a justness of design, to any of her former works. The dictates of virtue, and the purest principles of morality, are inculcated in these volumes; nor have we met with a single sentiment which would excite a blush on the cheek of modesty. This is a character, we are sorry to say, which cannot be given to the generality of novels, and which has drawn down upon this class of literature the justest opprobrium. The mind of a young female is supposed to be already contaminated, if she be entrapped with a novel in her hands, and some are certainly by no means calculated to instil a respect for virtue, and especially at a period when the warm emotions of the heart are on the eve of unfold-

ing themselves. Jane de Dunstanville may, however, be justly said to be an exception to the general run of novels. The female, whose mind and heart have already received the first impressions of vice, will, we are certain, rise a better woman from the perusal of the dying scene of the penitent Patty. We will transcribe it for the benefit of those whose hearts are alive to the charms of sensibility.

"My poor trembling truant," he cried, taking the shivering penitent in his arms—"where have you been wandering? why so agitated? you have not——" and the honourable soul of Dillon shuddered from the horrid thought that crossed his brain. "Patty, where have you been? *you* would not, Patty, hurry me to death; you would not *drive* down perdition's most d——d precipice——girl——girl——where have you been?"

"And Dillon looked fearful, in his fear "want is bitter, but abject pollution, Patty, do you understand?"

"Full well did Patty understand the implication; it was torture, yet she smiled, and the smile would have looked lovely, even on the lip of purity, for it arose from the thought of her *last* innocent night, and the innocent beings who watched her during that night.

"The hectic flush rekindled in her ashy cheek, and in the moment she felt superior to guilt as she replied—"I deserve such fears; I am a sinner, but, Dillon, my last night was pure and peaceful!"—She took his trembling hand, and pressed it to her own burning brow, then to her beating bosom.

"No sin, Dillon, no sin could come where I was; your mother reposed beneath the same roof; for one whole night, even I found refuge within the holy sphere of her virtue."

"My mother—my mother!" he repeated, and involuntarily he dropt the hand he had held, "I remember my mother." Dillon did remember her, and remorse, and grief, and shame, all blended with the remembrance, and his proud heart felt bursting.

"Did you hear her speak, did you see her, Patty?" And as he spoke he spread his hand over his face to hide the gushing tears.

"Ah! no Dillon, when I knew it was her home, your mother's home, like a sinner among angels, I shivered, and shrunk from the purity my heart adored: I could not stay near your mother; I fled like the poor wretch I feel: I fled to die here—to die with you, Dillon; my sins help to crush me, but *you* will not curse me.—I am dying, Dillon—you will not curse me—my heart blesses and loves *you*."

"Patty," he cried, softened to the tenderest pity, "I bless you, will always bless you, and though I felt the bitterness my mother *felt*, now feel the groan she often groaned, feel that a mother's sighs have a voice that reaches heaven, yet, oh! she is—she is—my mother."

"She will bless you, Dillon,—*me!*—" "You look pale, and

are cold, my Patty, lie down, and I will watch you—be calm, you will be happy yet—happy if Dillon can make you so.”

‘Patty did look pale indeed, every feature was more wan than before; she grew very sick; a misty darkness seemed diminishing her sight, and a faintness was at her heart.

‘The affrighted Dillon supported her in his arms; he laid his hand upon her bosom; her heart beat low and languid; she leaned her sinking head back on his neck, one weak convulsive groan was heard; he clasped her still closer, he felt the cold pressure of her fingers giving way; she raised one ashy wasted hand to pray, to pray for Dillon, but the voice was hushed, the last commotion over, and Patty’s penitent soul was among angels.’

In the 12th chapter of the third volume, we meet with a trial of poetic skill, between Dillon, Jane de Dunstanville, and Alfred. Not sitting at present in our capacity as judges of Parnassus, we shall not decide to whom the wreath of triumph is due—but we will give the fair authoress a little advice, which is, to leave the higher regions of poetry, and continue her walks in the humbler fields of fiction.—We make no doubt our hint will be understood.

At the close of this volume we meet with an old friend in the Scottish song of the Land of the Leal, but in the history of it the author has fallen into a gross mistake. We can take upon ourselves to declare, that the song was not written by Burns, nor was it found amongst his papers. It was written by a lady of Edinburgh, in imitation of the song of Tutitata, with which Bruce led on his troops at the battle of Bannockburn. It is also printed incorrectly, Jean should be John, throughout the whole of the song.

ART. 14. *Trecothick Bower, or the Lady of the West Country, a Tale. In Three Volumes. By Regina Maria Roche.* London: Newman, 1814. Price 18s.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE is one of those ladies who assiduously feed the pig-stye of literature in Leadenhall-street, and Trecothick Bower has now issued forth another monument of her literary fame. If grotesque and unnatural character, improbable events arising from impossible causes, a wild and disjointed plot, and the most bombastic and inflated language, be the constituents of a novel, Regina Maria Roche has succeeded to the fullest extent. Trecothick Bower is a heterogeneous mass of improbability, inconsistency, and stupidity. We have attempts at the sublime, concluding with the acme of the bathos—we have perpendicular mountains bending and shelving, and Nature, instead of being the guide of the author, is obliged to submit to her whims and caprices, and to depart from those established rules, which are never infringed but by the heated brain of the Novelist.

As an attempt at the sublime, we transcribe the following, and

we doubt not that it will be considered as *wondrous fine* by many of the Masters and Misses who conceive that rhodomontade and high sounding words, are a certain proof of genius.

‘His efforts for the purpose were seconded by the partial dispersion of the gloom in which he had been involved. The moon, in silent glory, rising, silvered the broad expanse, and shed a tremulous lustre over the solemn scene. Its effect upon him was of the most impressive nature, such as elevated his thoughts, and gradually led to the most sublime contemplations. The wonders of creation—the goodness of the Deity—the noble purpose for which man was created, evinced in his majestic form and immortal spirit—“And shall,” said the now moralizing Morcar, “shall he whose soul is imprest with reason’s signet, that his heart might know, and, knowing him, adore the gracious Creator, behold his wondrous works, partake of his bounties, the blessings he has so profusely scattered in the path of man, and yet feel no sentiment of adoration or gratitude for him. Oh, what monstrous impiety! what base ingratitude! and yet is he not daily guilty of it, who has given himself up to revels and to riot?”

“How does the heart swell and dilate with pride at the slightest notice of an earthly sovereign, and yet the cold indifference, too often, thinks of enjoying the protection of him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain! Oh, strange inconsistency! to be proud, to be vain, of the favour of a being, weak, frail, fallible, as ourselves. and yet not to exult in that of him who rideth on the wings of the wind, whom cherubim and seraphim obey—who, through the gloom of chaos, flashed intolerable day—who bade the warring elements to cease—outspread heaven’s azure canopy, decked it with the radiant sun, the silver moon, and all the glittering host of countless constellations—at whose voice the everlasting hills arose, the earth threw out flowers, and tall forests started on the mountain’s brow! Oh, terrible insensibility! to bend, with trembling deference, before an earthly throne, and not fall prostrate before him to whom so much more is due than can ever be owing to mortal man! who from nothing called us into life, endued us with faculties almost divine, with senses to luxuriate in the beauties of creation, to enjoy the grateful vicissitude of day and night, the splendor of the heavens, the sweetness of the aromatic herbs and flowers, the rich flavour of the ripened fruits, above all, the delights of mutual tenderness, of commingling souls.”

We have perused the descriptions of Mrs. Radcliffe with particular pleasure, but we have it now in our power to regale our readers with a specimen of the descriptions of Nature, which places the former author completely in the back ground.

‘At length, after visiting several other places of note, they reached their destination at Keswick. Seated on a bold precipitous eminence on the banks of the lake, the ancient fortress,

that knew Lord Sebergham for its master, commanded an uninterrupted view of the adjoining scenery, where beauty and sublimity are so wonderfully blended—where the imagination is at once astonished and delighted, the mind awed, yet elevated, by the horrible magnificence, yet romantic grandeur, that alternately meet the view.

‘Immediately before it the lake spread its chequered bosom, hemmed in with its rude chaotic assemblage of perpendicular mountains and steep wood-covered hills, here rising immediately out of the lake, there falling back in ruinous and rude confusion, as if heaped on one another from some terrible convulsion of nature; here again shelving and bending over it, as if menacing to bury their cloud-capped heads within its waves, forming a circus of the most astonishing and stupendous description.’

Trecothick Bower will for a time enjoy its circulation with its other kindred trash—and with them sent to that oblivion to which its dulness has impelled it.

POETRY.

ART. 15.—*The Parent's Poetical Anthology; being a Selection of English Poems, primarily designed to assist in forming the Taste and the Sentiments of Young Readers.* London: Rivington, pp. 444. price 6s. 1814.

THERE is no department of literature which tends more to refine and improve the youthful heart than the higher branches of poetry. The sentiments being of a pure and elevated nature, naturally inculcate the rigid dictates of morality, every virtue is painted in the most captivating colours, and the mind feels itself pregnant with those ideas which lead to the practice of every social kindness. A particular and favourable bias is often given to the youthful mind by the charms of poetry, which it would never have received by any other mode of instruction; and it is for this reason that we highly approve of selections from the works of our best poets, the value of which is determined by the ability which is displayed in the choice of the subjects. On examining the present volume, the compiler appears to have bestowed particular care in the selection of the pieces, and at this particular time, when young people are returning to their studies, we do not know a more pleasing book which could be put into their hands, or from which, in their hours of relaxation, they could derive greater advantage.

ART. 16.—*Chalcographimania: or, the Portrait Collector and Print-seller's Chronicle, with Infatuations of every Description. A Humorous Poem, in Four Books, with Copious Notes, explanatory.* By Satiricus Sculptor, Esq. London: Kirby, 8vo. pp. 212. Price 10s. 6d. 1814.

MR. DIBDIN, in his *Bibliomania*, has ingeniously excited the
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rising taste for black-letter lore, by affecting to laugh at the collectors of old books. It could scarcely be expected that the collectors of old prints would escape notice, and accordingly Satiricus Sculptor, Esq. in wretched doggerel Hudibrastics, would insinuate his intimate acquaintance with the London book and print auctioneers, and the principal print-collectors and dealers. There is no attempt at an imitation of the style or pleasantry of Mr. Dibdin's notes, and to recommend the work either for ability, candor, or humour, is impossible. It is replete with malevolence, and an anxious desire of giving pain to respectable individuals. To ridicule a prevailing and growing passion, with which no specific utility is combined, is perhaps harmless enough; but we must ever censure the author, who, like an assassin deals the blow in secret, and inflicts a wound on characters which he neither has the inclination or the power to heal. A copy of an unique wood-cut of Will Summers, the jester, is prefixed. This unique wood-cut has no existence. A foolscap with long ears and bells stands in the title with this line beneath, 'If the cap fits wear it.' Is it that which the author wore whilst he wrote his book?

ART. 17.—*Sortes Horatianæ, a Poetical Review of Poetical Talent, &c. &c. &c. With Notes.* London: Hamilton, pp. 126. 6s. 6d. 1814.

THIS volume is a twig engrafted in the noble stem of the Pursuits of Literature, but we fear that it will wither and die, whilst the other flourishes in all its pristine vigour. We suppose it must not be a part of this author's creed, that a person must be a poet himself to judge of the poetry of others; for were it so, he could not expect any consideration to be paid to his decisions. The first poet, who, according to the opinion of this writer, now shines in the British poetical galaxy, is Lord Byron, and whom he eulogises in the following strains:

'Then, first to thee, O Byron! shall the Muse
Pour what she feels, nor thou the praise refuse.
Who have not own'd, as, with the "Childe," they trac'd
The lovely scenes misanthropy defac'd,
Compassion's sigh for one, to virtue lost,
And on the stormy sea of passion tost;
Forc'd by its billows, evermore to roam
Far from his native land, his once lov'd home;
And while with sadden'd glance, his jaundiced eye
Ting'd with sick hue each brightest object nigh,
Still every thought the same impression gave,
And stamp'd the man—despair's unhappy slave!
Who have not, then, the poet's pow'r confest,
To sway the feelings of the throbbing breast;
To raise stern horror for a moment there,
And then to soothe it with soft pity's tear!

Have they not felt, as well, *his* hapless doom,
 Who mourns his Thyrza, shrouded in her tomb;
 Who weaves the fun'ral wreath, imbued with tears,
 As the sad tribute to succeeding years;
 And hangs his lyre upon the cypress tree
 That shades her grave, in sad solemnity.'

We are fully alive to the great superiority of Lord Byron's poetical powers, and we have no objection to place him the first in the rank of modern poets; but in a note subjoined to the above passage, we read, that "in brilliancy of versification this exquisite poem (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*) is superior to the *Minstrel* and the *Fairy Queen*; and in accurate imagery, not inferior to the *Seasons*." We remember, that when Bloomfield's *Namby Pamby Poems* were published, his judicious commentator, Mr. Capel Lofft, declared some of them not inferior to Dryden. We bowed with all due deference to that opinion, as coming from such an exquisite poet, as Mr. Lofft has proved himself to be by his *Sonnets in the Monthly Mirror* and other periodical publications: but we really do not know how to receive this newly discovered superiority of Lord Byron's Muse to that of Beattie, Spenser, and Thomson. We are further told, that Lord Byron's *Giaour* has no parallel in the English language: it is an assertion easily made—and so was Smith's, that the sun was a body of ice; but in both cases we think that the proof would be rather difficult.

The author of *Sortes Horatianæ* is, however, not satisfied with mere poetical discoveries, but he soars into higher regions; and after classing Byron, Campbell, and Rogers together, says:

'So the bright stars, Orion's Belt *that form*
 Shine through the tempest, and defy the storm.'

We did not know that the stars of Orion possessed those qualities. We thank the author for the information.

After slightly lashing the Mitfords, Holfords, Grenvilles, and Thurlows, our author meets with Wharton, whose poetical effusions he describes in the following really nervous lines:

'Lo! next, ambitious Wharton fain would share,
 The politician's and the poet's care:
 First, from the treasury benches would demand
 The "Ways and Means" of this so gifted land.
 Then from the world retired, in happier hours
 Woo the soft muses in Aonian bowers;
 Ask from their hands the "ways and means" to form
 An Epic glowing from his fancy warm.
 The poem finished:—the impatient bard
 Seeks from the world a poet's great reward;
 Thinks that his task's complete; that even now
 Homeric laurels fall to deck his brow.
 Vain hope! the magic, in his line imprest,
 Distilled its venom thro' his lab'ring breast;
 And, when he fancied inspiration smiled,
 Dulness alone each slumb'ring sense beguiled:

Arm'd with Urganda's pow'r, above his head
 She took her station, poised on wings of lead,
 That dead'ning fanned the energies of mind,
 And left each charm of poesy behind.
 Then, from the brain, the epic monster sprang,
 And all Parnassus startled at the clang !

Croker, Wilson, and Ireland, are the next objects which excite the indignation of the Author.

In speaking of Mr. Spencer, the translator of Bürger's *Leonore*, he says,

' Yet, yet, leave Bürger's legendary lore,
 Nor add new tales to Mother Bunch's store ;
 From nothing, nothing ever can proceed,
 And what, in German, nonsense is decreed,
 Will still be nonsense to an English view,
 In spite of Critics, Wits, and Ladies too.'

In perusing the third line, we think this author must have felt some unpleasant shooting pains in that particular part of the frame, where the intellectual faculties are supposed to reside ; but we merely quoted the above passage to inquire by whom it has been decreed that the poem of Bürger is nonsense. We consider the poem as one of the most difficult of translation in the German language, but if it be nonsense, we recommend this writer in particular to try his abilities upon it.

Mr. Crabbe is passed by with a contumelious notice, and our bard hastens to pour the full vengeance of his wrath on the luckless head of the younger Colman.

' The younger Colman too, with hot-pressed page
 And spreading quarto profits by the age,
 Draws on the name a gifted Sire bequeath'd,
 Whose nervous line the power of knowledge breath'd,
 And thrusts, with dauntless air, upon the town,
 Things called " Poetical " by him alone.
 True, they are hitched in verse, and to his aid
 He calls Euphrosyne, " celestial Maid !"
 Not *she*—who erst th' inspired minstrel blest,
 Swell'd every movement of his guileless breast,
 And danced, before his fancy kindled eye,
 In all the glories of effulgency !
 But *she*—whose coarser mien and looser tongue
 Prompted the quibbles Peter's lyre hath sung ;—
 Who hover'd round his jest-distilling quill,
 Moulding each couplet to her sovereign will.
 E'en now she waits thee, bard of punning race,
 With smiling eye, and triumph-beaming face ;
 And, from her hand, she bids thee humbly take
 A wreath of weeds, and wear it for her sake.
 But think, when " ages yet unborn " shall look
 Full on the wonders of the " guinea " book ;

From thine own tale they there may chance to learn,
 That "low desires in ev'ry bosom burn:"
 Then shall the truth appear in plainest guise,
 And show distinctly the long sought for prize;
 Then shall they deem the "low ambition" thine,
 The prince of rhyming ribaldry to shine.
 Say, should the lash satiric weakly miss
 A bard so weak, a strain so gross as this;
 Where rank obscenity holds place of wit,
 Unmêet for sight, for brothels only fit;—
 And, passing by, let vice hold on her course,
 Nor scourge the parodist with keenest force?
 No, surely not; while Virtue's cause can fire
 The censor's wrath, the Muse's kindling ire!
 Shade of the senior! in these worthless days,
 The son,—forgetful of a father's bays,
 That else had twin'd with vigour round his head,
 And two fold honor by descent had shed;
 Forgetful of society's applause,
 That soon or late will vindicate her laws;—
 Profanes the talents that a bounteous heav'n,
 To one, unworthy of the trust, had giv'n;
 And prompts his jaded fancy to excite
 Wit unrefin'd, and mirth without delight.
 Yet, when the verse posterity shall see,
 That violates the rules of decency,
 'Twill justly spurn the author of the deed,
 And, "viva voce" cry: This Colman, be thy meed:—
 With Pasquin's join'd, and Peter Pindar's name,
 (A matchless trio in the lists of fame)
 Thine shall remain, when e'en the worthless lay
 That rais'd thee there, like their's have passed away;
 Then shall it meet alone, of merit lorn,
 The frown of virtue, and the sneer of scorn!

From Mr. Barrett we on a sudden find ourselves translated
 to Bele and Lancaster, and in a note on this head, we find an
 honourable mention of ourselves. Now, should by accident or
 design, any change be discovered in our religious principles,
 we make no doubt that the author will take the merit of it to
 himself. He is most welcome to it.

The merits of the Poet Laureat are summed up in six dull
 lines.

Southey should roam the lake's wild banks along,
 Where Madoc once had strayed in favour'd song;
 Some creek might teach him ever as he went,
 Legends and fairies to his heart's content.
 Then would he need no Brama's sacred lore,
 Nor ransack India for one epic more.

From Coleridge, Wordsworth, and a few others, the author
 proceeds to crack the satiric thong on the Bibliomania, and we

have a "*poetical review*" of the Duke of Roxburgh's sale. We are at a loss to conceive what relation that circumstance possesses to poetical talent, but we suppose it was introduced for the purpose of inserting the heavy notes, which are very necessary things in the formation of a volume like *Sortes Horatianæ*.

Of Mr. Walter Scott, mere allusions are made *en passant*; perhaps in the opinion of this author, he does not merit to be ranked in the list of modern poets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 18.—*The Case of Major James Feild, formerly of the 44th Regiment of Foot*, pp. 24. London, 1813.

THIS gentleman states, that when a lieutenant in the 35th regiment, serving under Wolfe, he was shot at Quebec through the body and lungs, had three of his ribs broken and shattered, and was shot through the arm; that he afterwards purchased a company in the 44th, and sustained the mortification of seeing the promotion of officers to majorities who were not in the service when he was captain; and the appointment of a major to his own regiment, when he was not only the oldest captain in it, but the oldest in the line. Unable to bear the fatigues of the American war, he was compelled after twenty-three years service to sell his company, and being unacquainted with another profession, all his prospects of advancement in life were ended. His wounds broke out afresh; he underwent a dangerous and painful operation, and sustained daily for fifty-three years their painful effects with very heavy expences, which diminished his frugal income. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, by late regulations, having provided pensions for wounded officers, Major Feild memorialled for an allowance, and was referred to the Medical Board for examination, who, he contends, hastily and superficially examined his case, and refusing their certificate, his claim was rejected.

Conceiving himself ill used, the major, evidently in great anguish, submits his case to his countrymen, with the persuasion, that to have died with Wolfe would have been a happier lot, than to have lived a long life of pain, and on the verge of existence, experienced the refusal of a scanty pittance for support.

Several letters and documents are introduced in verification of the narrative, and a letter from the Right Hon. Col. M'Mahon, private secretary to the Prince Regent, describes the Major as having been esteemed one of the oldest, most gallant and meritorious officers in the service, and that when his wounds compelled his retirement, it was the general lamentation of the army, that so excellent and deserving an officer and a gentleman should have only the value of a company (which he had purchased) to retire upon.

We conceive that we have done our duty, by thus introducing the Major's case, without note or comment.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books, published
in January, 1814.*

AMABEL, or Memoirs of a Woman of Fashion, 4 Vols. 12mo. price £1. 8s. Boards.

Bellamy's (John) History of all Religions, Second Edition, 12mo. price 7s.—Svo. price 10s. 6d. Bds.

Burdon's (William) Materials for Thinking, Third Edition, 2 Vols. 8vo. price 16s. Bds.

Byron's (Lord) Bride of Abydes, a Turkish Tale, 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed.

Berzelius' (I. J. M. D.) View of the Progress and present State of Animal Chemistry, 8vo. 5s. 6d. Bds.

Bywater's (John) Essay on Light and Vision, 8vo. 6s. Boards.

Bywater's (John) Essay on Electricity, 8vo. price 6s. Boards.

Batchelor's Heiress, or a Tale without Wonder, 3 Vols. 12mo. price 15s. Bds.

Banker's (the) and Merchant's Almanack for 1814, 12mo. 7s. 6d. half-bound.

Chalcographimania, or the Portrait Collector and Printseller's Chronicle, a Humorous Poem, 8vo. price 10s. 6d. Boards.

Crotchet Lodge, a Farce, (with new Songs by the Author) in Two Acts. By Thomas Hurlstone, fourth Edition, 8vo. price 2s. sewed.

Cullum's (Rev. Sir John, Bart.) History and Antiquities of Hawstead and Hardwick, Suffolk, royal 4to. price £2. 2s.—imperial 4to. price £4. 4s. Bds.

Collinson's (Rev. John, M. A.) Bampton Lectures, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cuvier's (M.) Essay on the Theory of the Earth. Translated from the French, by R. Kerr, F. R. S. with Mineralogical Notes by Professor Jameson, 8vo. price 8s. Bds.

Contes à ma Fille par J. N. Bouilly, new Edition, 12mo. 6s. Bound.

Cœlebs Married, being intended as a Continuation of Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, crown 8vo. price 7s. Bds.

Cobbett's Parliamentary History of England, Vol. XVIII. royal 8vo. price £1. 11s. 6d. Bds.

Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper, illustrated with Figures, price 6s. 6d.

Downe's (Thomas) Index to Penant's Account of London, 4to. price 15s.—Imperial Folio, price £1. 11s. 6d. Sewed.

Duppa's (R. L. L. B.) Address to Parliament on the Claims of Authors to their own Copy-rights, Fourth Edition, royal 8vo. 3s. sewed.

Freud's (William, Esq. M. A.) Evening Amusements, or the Beauty of the Heavens displayed for 1814, 12mo. price 3s. Bds.

Fox's (Joseph) Natural History and Diseases of the Human Teeth, Second Edition, 4to. £2. 2s. Bds.

General (A) Index to the Edinburgh Review, from its Commencement in October, 1802, to the end of the Twentieth Volume, November, 1812, 8vo. price 15s. Bds.

Gray's (Andrew, D. D.) Delineation of the Parables of our Blessed Saviour, Second Edition, 8vo. price 9s. Bds.

Hayter's (Mr.) Introduction to Perspective, adapted to the Capacities of Children, in a Series of pleasing and familiar Dialogues, 8vo. price 10s. 6d. Bds.

Humphreys (John Doddridge, jun.) Prince Malcolm, and other Poems, 8vo. price 9s. Bds.

Illusion, or the Trances of Nourjahad, an Oriental Tale, in Three Acts, 8vo. price 2s. 6d. sewed.

Kerrison's (Robert Masters) Inquiry into the present State of the Medical Profession in England, 8vo. price 5s. Bds.

Lauderdale's (Earl of) further Considerations on the State of the Currency, 8vo. price 6s. sewed.

Memoirs of the Analytical Society, 1813, 4to. price 15s. sewed.

Memoirs of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, No. III. 8vo. price 3s. sewed.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Hon. Henry Home of Kames, by the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler of Woodhouselee, Second Edition, 3 Vols. 8vo. £2. 2s. Bds.

Musical Biography; or, Memoirs of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Composers and Writers, 2 Vols. 8vo. price £1. 4s. Bds.

Nolan's (Rev. Frederick) Sermons, 8vo. price 12s. Bds.

O'Keefe's (Miss) Patriarchal Times, or the Land of Canaan, Second Edition, 2 Vols. 12mo. price 10s. 6d. Bds.

Paley's (Archdeacon) Natural Theology, or Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, Thirteenth Edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Bds.

Pierre and Adeline, or the Romance of the Castle, 2 Vols. 12mo. price 12s. Bds.

Ready Reckoner; or, Trader's sure Guide, 24mo. price 1s. 6d. Bd.

Rickman's (J. M. D.) Friendly Call, or Epistola Amicitiae, 8vo. 4s. sewed.

Semple's (Robert) Observations made on a Tour from Hamburgh, crown 8vo. price 7s. Bds.

Smith's (Thomas) Treatise on Glanders, 8vo. price 7s. 6d. Bds.

Sheridan's (Mrs. E.) History of Nourjahad, 18mo. price 3s. 6d. Bds.

Santagnello's (M.) Italian Reader, 12mo. price 6s. 6d. Bound.

Statutes (The) of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, LIII. Geo. III. 1813, Vol. V. Part I. 4to. price £1. 11s. 6d. Bds.

Taylor's (Mrs.) Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interests, 12mo. price 5s. Bds.

Tables of the Parliamentary Representation of Great Britain and Ireland, with the Patronage and Proprietorship of the several Counties, Cities, and Boroughs, folio.

Who's to have Her? a Musical Farce in Two Acts, by Thomas Dibdin, 8vo. price 2s. sewed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Friends and Correspondents of the **CRITICAL REVIEW** are respectfully informed, that by Arrangements which have just been made, the Work, after the present Month, will be in the hands of new Proprietors, who are maturing an extensive and liberal Plan for its future Management.

They have confided its Interests, without Restriction, to an Editor peculiarly qualified by Experience, Ability, and Integrity, to extend its Critical and Literary Reputation; and, through whom, the Assistance of other Gentlemen of various and distinguished Talents, has been secured.

They therefore hope for Confidence and Indulgence until the proposed Plan can be brought into Activity.

The next Number will be printed with new Type, on better Paper, and will be published by MR. JOHN SOUTER, at No. 1, Paternoster-Row, by whom all Communications, for the EDITOR of the **CRITICAL REVIEW**, will be thankfully received.

*** AN ADVOCATE is under Consideration.